

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

R U R A L.





# P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

## R U R A L:

WITH THE

## INDIANS, A TALE.

ET PARVAE NONNULLA EST GRATIA MUSAE.

MARTIAL.

By MR. RICHARDSON,

PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF  
GLASGOW.

The FOURTH EDITION, enlarged.

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21 DE 59

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES SHAW, LORD CATHCART,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PEERS,  
OF SCOTLAND,  
PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF POLICE  
IN THAT PART OF THE  
UNITED KINGDOM,  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF  
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,  
KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANTIEN AND  
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE  
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,  
LATELY HIS MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR,  
EXTRAORDINARY AND  
PLENIPOTENTIARY,  
TO THE EMPRESS OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,  
COMMISSIONER TO THE  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,  
AND RECTOR OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

THE FOLLOWING  
P O E M S  
ARE MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,  
IN TESTIMONY OF THE  
RESPECT AND GRATITUDE  
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT,  
AND OBLIGED SERVANT,  
WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

GLASGOW-COLLEGE,  
January 12th, 1774.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES SHAW, LORD CATHART.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PEERS  
OF SCOTLAND,  
PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF PEERS  
IN THAT PART OF THE  
UNITED KINGDOM,  
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF  
HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,  
KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND  
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE,  
ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE  
MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,  
LATELY HIS EXCELLENCY  
AMBASSADOR AND  
EXTRAORDINARY AND  
PLENIPOTENTIARY,  
TO THE EMERALD OF ALL THE EMERALD  
COMMISSIONER TO THE  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
HIGHER OF SCOTLAND,  
AND MASTER OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

21 DE 59

THE FOLLOWING  
ALL MOST HUMBLY REQUESTED  
IN TESTIMONY OF THE  
RESPECT AND GRATITUDE  
OF HIS LORDSHIP'S  
AND OBEDIENT  
WILLIAM WILKINSON

GLASGOW COLLEGE  
JANUARY 1859



LYRIC  
VERSES.

L  
n

A



# LYRIC VERSES.

---

## H Y M N T O V I R T U E.

**E**VER lovely and benign,  
Endowed with energy divine,  
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed  
The great design, the heroic deed,  
The heart that melts for human woes,  
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.  
Though fortune frown, though fate prepare  
Her shafts, and wake corroding care,



#### 4 LYRIC VERSES.

Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,  
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,  
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,  
Changed fortune frowns, and thunders roll.  
Pile, Avarice, thy yellow hoard;  
Spread, Luxury, thy costly board;  
Ambition, crown thy head with bays;  
Let Sloth recline on beds of ease;  
Admired, adored, let Beauty roll  
The magic eye that melts the soul;  
Unless with purifying fires  
Virtue the conscious soul inspires,  
In vain, to bar intruding woe,  
Wealth, fame, and power, and pleasure flow.  
To me thy sovereign gift impart,  
The resolute unshaken heart  
To guide me from the flowery way  
Where Pleasure tunes her firen-lay:

Deceitful

## LYRIC VERSES. 5

Deceitful path! where Shame and Care,  
Concealed the poisonous shaft prepare:  
And shield me with thy generous pride  
When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride.  
Ne'er let Ambition's meteor-ray  
Mislead my reason, and betray  
My fancy with the gilded dream  
Of hoarded wealth, and noisy fame.  
But let my soul consenting flow  
Compassionate of others woe:  
Teach me the kind endearing art  
To heal the mourner's broken heart,  
To ease the rankling wounds of Care,  
And sooth the frenzy of Despair.  
So, lovely virgin, may I gain  
Admission to thy hallowed fane,  
Where Peace of Mind, of eye serene,  
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,

## 6 LYRIC VERSES.

Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,  
And smites the consecrated lyre.

O may that minstrelsy, whose charm  
Can Rage, and Grief, and Care disarm,  
Can passion's lawless force controul,  
Soothe, melt, and elevate my soul!

THE



LYRIC VERSES. 7

THE WAIL OF ELVINA.

A N O D E.

WHAT time the soft-eyed star of eve  
Gleamed on the gently-trembling wave,  
From BARA's isle the sighing gale  
Wafted ELVINA's rueful wail.  
Forlorn her lovely locks she tore,  
And poured her sorrows on the desert shore.

"Ye rocks," she cried, "ye shelving caves  
Whose sides the briny billow laves,  
"Ye cliffs far-frowning o'er the deep,  
"Ye lonesome isles, to you I weep,  
"Far distant from my father's halls,  
"The towers of MORAN, and my native walls.

## 8 LYRIC VERSES.

“ O MORAN, are thy warriors fled;

“ Dismal and dark their narrow bed!

“ Silent they sleep! the north-wind cold

“ Blows dreary o'er their crumbling mould.

“ Silent they sleep! no dawning day

“ Visits the grave, or wakes their shrouded clay.

“ At dead of night a cry was heard——

“ O why was MORAN unprepar'd?

“ No watchman on the castle-wall!

“ No wakeful warrior in the hall!

“ At dead of night the crafty foe

“ Rushed from the main and struck the vengeful  
blow.

“ To arms, cried MORAN! but in vain!—

“ I saw my warlike brothers slain!

“ I saw my father's bosom gor'd!

“ By Cadwal's numerous host o'erpower'd

## LYRIC VERSES. 9

“ He fell ! and from the gushing wound,

“ Reeking and red his life-blood streamed around.

“ Mingling with smoke I saw the fire

“ Along the rending walls aspire !

“ Now rage impetuous in the hall !

“ (I heard the crashing rafters fall !)

“ Now o’er the roof and turrets high

“ It blazes fierce and furious to the sky.

“ O spare a helpless maiden, spare !

“ The orphan’s piteous pleading hear !—

“ They bore me thence. My streaming eyes

“ Beheld these awful cliffs arise.

“ Foul ravisher !—Ye rocks, ye waves,

“ O save me, hide me in your lonely caves !

“ Foul ravisher !—yet pale Dismay

“ And Vengeance mark thee for their prey :

Unnerved,



10 LYRIC VERSES.

" Unnerved, appalled by conscious fear,

" Remorse shall drive thee to despair :

" My spirit, wailing in the blast,

" Shall shake the counsels of thy guilty breast."

'Twas thus she wailed, till by degrees

The voice came broken in the breeze ;

The seaman, piteous of her woe,

Turned to the shore his friendly prow,

But long, alas ! ere dawn of day,

The voice grew weak, and feebly dy'd away.

THE



LYRIC VERSES. 11

THE ROSE.

AN IDYLLION.

SAID INO, "I prefer the Rose

"To every vernal flower that blows ;

"For when the smiling seasons fly,

"And winds and rain deform the sky,

"And Roses lose their vivid bloom,

"Their leaves retain a sweet perfume.

"Emblem of Virtue ! Virtue stays

"When Beauty's transient hue decays :

"Nor Age, nor Fortune's frowns efface

"Or injure her inherent grace."

"True," answered DAPHNIS ; "but observe,

"Unless some careful hand preserve

"The leaves, before their tints decay,

"They fall neglected : blown away

"By

12 LYRIC VERSES.

" By wintry winds and beating rains,

" No vestige of perfume remains.

" Some kindly hand must interpose,

" For sore the wintry tempest blows,

" And weak and delicate the Rose."

---

DAPHNIS AND INO.

AN IDYLLION.

AS DAPHNIS, amorous shepherd, sung

Ino the beautiful and young,

" Cease," said the nymph, " let Virtue's praise

" Adorn and elevate thy lays :

" The tuneful Muses were design'd

" To raise and purify the mind.

" Paint

## LYRIC VERSES. 13

" Paint the fair feelings of the heart,

" Candor that scorns ignoble art,

" Simplicity devoid of guile,

" Pity's soft eye, and Mercy's smile :

" Nor let the rhyme for ever run

" Sacred to Venus and her son."

The obedient shepherd told how fair

The native charms of Virtue were,

And how her heavenly smiles impart

Ecstatic rapture to the heart.

" Mild," he sung, " as orient day,

" And beauteous as the bloom of May,

" She moves with grace, and speaks with ease ;

" For Nature formed the fair to please :

" Loose flow her tresses to the gale,

" The loveliest virgin of the vale."

The gamefome shepherds laughed, and said,

" Yes, Virtue is a lovely maid,

" And,



14 LYRIC VERSES.

"And, strange to tell, we oft have seen

"The goddess dancing on the green!

"DAPHNIS even now perceives the fair!

"Why else his warm impassioned air?

"Why else the flames that fire his eye?

"Lost voice? and pulses beating high?"

INO blushed lovelier than the rose

That with the dewy morning blows,

And conscious would have frowned: in vain!

A smile surprized her! and again

She blushed, and would have frowned; but still

The sportive traitors of her will,

Unbidden smiles, the nymph betray'd,

And with her frowns and blushes play'd.

"Mistaken boy!" she cried, "away!

"Nor venture on the moral lay:

"Fit minstrel of the Idalian grove,

"Go, sing of Venus and of love."

The



The disconcerted shepherd sigh'd:

And to the blushing maid replied,

" 'Tis said or sung, would Virtue deign

" In mortal guise to visit men,

" Glowing with elegant desire

" All that beheld her would admire.

" With this opinion I agree,

" For, INO, she would smile like thee!

" Like thee would sweetly muse; thy bloom,

" Thy form and features would assume;

" Would mildly censure if my lay

" In beauty's praise should go astray.

" To me, transported with my theme,

" Already ye appeared the same!

" Shepherds, be candid, was I far to blame?"

THE

THE BEE.

AN IDYLLION.

"THAT Bee," romantic I no said,

"Gathering the fragrance of the mead,

"With dews, and juices from the dell,

"Assiduous stores her waxen cell.

"Soon as the vernal zephyr blows,

"Soon as the blush of morning glows,

"To banks of thyme she hastes away,

"And ere the fragrant blooms decay,

"Unwearied loads her little thighs,

"Her work with busy murmur plies,

"Nor, fluttering vain on idle wing,

"In pastime wastes the breathing spring,

"Till all the dewy blossoms fade,

"And winter desolate the mead.

"So,

## LYRIC VERSES.

17

“ So, warned by Wisdom’s prudent lore,

“ Man should improve the present hour,

“ And, like the Bee, should spurn delay,

“ For time will swiftly fly away.”

She said, but, with a roguish smile,

Love sily listened all the while,

And thus resumed the moral lay,

“ Yes, time will swiftly fly away:

“ To give the formal dame her due,

“ Wisdom for once hath spoken true:

“ Then hasten, Ino, and enjoy

“ The hour ere youth and beauty fly.”

B

ON

## ON AUTUMN.

**T**IME flies, how unperceived, away!

Ere while the rosy-bosomed May

Adorned the woods and plains:

Now May's enlivening smiles are fled,

And see, in yellow robes array'd,

The jolly Autumn reigns.

And soon will Autumn disappear,

Stern Winter desolate the year,

And storms invade the skies.

So man, the pageant of an hour,

Shines for a time in pomp and power,

And then unheard of dies.

Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal state,

Nor the vain glory of the great,

Nor



## LYRIC VERSES. 19

Nor gold, nor glittering gems,  
Can purchase life: not even a mind  
Warm with the love of all mankind  
The parting breath redeems.

Yet for the few in Virtue's cause,  
Who spite of Custom's tyrant-laws,  
Contemn low-minded Care,  
A radiant wreath of power to save  
Beyond oblivion and the grave  
Celestial hands prepare.

20 LYRIC VERSES.

ON WINTER.

L O! the fragrant flowers decay,  
The balmy zephyrs haste away,  
From the storm-engendering north  
Black embattled clouds come forth,  
And Winter through the lurid air  
Rolls his fable-courser'd car:  
Around him kindred tempests croud,  
And sweeping whirlwinds howl aloud.  
Ushered with awful storms that roar  
Impetuous from the mountain hoar,  
Darkness descending spreads her veil  
Of thickest gloom on hill and dale,  
On lofty hall and turret high,  
And not a star illumines the sky.

Social

# LYRIC VERSES. 21

Social pleasures now I share,  
 While Friendship, of enlivening air,  
 Fills the gaily sparkling bowl:  
 To joy unbending all my soul,  
 While blithe good-humour brings along  
 The witty tale, the lively song,  
 Laughter free, and Converse gay,  
 Stealing the gloomy hours away.  
 Hence Reserve with searching eye,  
 Malice, and whispering Calumny;  
 Hence Revelry profane and rude,  
 Rusticity's unpolished brood;  
 Ye fell corroding Cares away!  
 On Avarice or Envy prey.  
 But if sublimer joys invite,  
 Beneath the favouring gloom of night  
 I trim my lamp, revolve the page,  
 And scan the labours of the sage:

## 22 LYRIC VERSES.

Chiefly of those whose curious art  
 Explores the mazes of the heart;  
 Explains what fine connections bind  
 The kindred sympathies of mind;  
 Marks how the grouped ideas rise  
 To please, astonish, and surprize;  
 And how the various figures flow  
 Rapid with joy, with sorrow flow;  
 How wide the ungoverned passions roll;  
 How Rage and Hatred shake the soul;  
 How Envy poisons our repose;  
 And Vice begets a thousand woes.  
 Rapt with the theme, O may I feel  
 How Virtue bids the storm be still,  
 Bids every raging passion cease,  
 And pours the heavenly beam of peace.  
 When darkness and the tempests fly,  
 If frosts unveil the azure sky:

Along



Along the southern lea the Muse  
 Her sweetly-pensive walk pursues,  
 Or by the brown forsaken wood,  
 Or by the icy-fettered flood.  
 Though May her glowing tints refuse,  
 The rural scene invites the Muse :  
 Though flashing meteors fire the pole,  
 Though storms descend, and thunders roll,  
 The soul, alive to Nature's charms,  
 Rejoices in her dread alarms.  
 Even 'mid the waste of wintry skies  
 Beauty salutes poetic eyes ;  
 For see! what gems of various ray  
 Sparkle on the leafless spray!  
 Brighter, I ween, than those that shine  
 In the Indian or Brazilian mine.  
 And where projecting rocks distil  
 Through mossy chinks the living rill,

24 LYRIC VERSES.

What strange enchantment meets my eyes!

Lo! chrystal battlements arise!

Here fairy towers of orient sheen,

And pillared porticos are seen,

Where some Elfin dame may dwell,

Sovereign of the potent spell.——

These, Winter, these delights are thine,

For these before thy icy shrine

I bend me, and devoutly pay

The tribute of a grateful lay.

THE

THE  
DEATH OF EIRA.  
AN ODE.

STROPHE.

KILDA! by thy winding shore,  
Cliffs abrupt and mountains hoar,  
EIRA, lovely as the morn,  
Perished frantic and forlorn.  
Wild, from yon towering mountain high,  
Heard ye not the raven cry?  
Through the tempest-threatening air  
The sea-fowl screamed afar;  
Then down the heaven's stupendous steep  
The spirit of the whirlwind rode,  
His sable couriers plowed the deep,  
And Ocean's angry surges roared aloud.

ANTI-

## 26 LYRIC VERSES.

### ANTISTROPHE.

To the rock whose rugged fides  
Drench'd repel th'outrageous tides,  
See! the billow-heaving blast  
Drives the bark with headlong haste.  
The tempest rattles in the sails:  
Now nor fail, nor helm avails!  
Ah mariners! in wayward hour  
Ye brave the whirlwind's power. —  
They perish! 'twas the cry of woe! —  
And now it founds a wilder strain!  
And now — 'tis past! at pleasure blow  
Tempests! at pleasure heave the billowy main.

### EPODE.

Wild as raging winds and waves,  
Wild and weeping EIRA raves,



## LYRIC VERSES. 27

Beats her bosom, rends her hair!  
Her bridegroom perished in the main!  
Thy sorrow, EIRA, streams in vain!  
No pity sways the storm's inhuman ear.  
Him whom KILDA's maids deplore,  
Pleasing to thy soul no more,  
On the boiling billow tost  
Down to ERIN's shelving coast,  
Him relentless winds and waves  
Drive through the deeps and coral caves.  
"And there I'll clasp his corse!" she frantic cried,  
And headlong plunged into the roaring tide.

THE

THE INVITATION.

AN IDYLLION.

FAIR Lady, leave parade and show,

O leave thy courtly guise a while:

For thee the vernal breezes blow,

And groves, and flowery valleys smile:

For no conceited selfish pride

Corrupts thy taste for rural joy:

Nor can thy gentle heart abide

The taunting lip, or scornful eye.

Nor scorn, nor envy harbour here,

Nor discord, nor profane desires:

No flattery shall offend thine ear,

For love our faithful song inspires.

When

When smiling morn ariseth gay,  
 Gilding the dew-drops on the lawn,  
 Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,  
 Our songs salute the rosy dawn.

When noon-tide scorcheth all the hills,  
 And all the flowers and herbage fade,  
 We seek the cool refreshing rills  
 That warble through the green-wood glade.

But when the lucid star of eve  
 Shines in the western sky serene,  
 The swains and shepherdesses weave  
 Fantastic measures on the green.

O Lady, change thy splendid state,  
 With us a shepherdes abide ;  
 Contentment dwells not with the great,  
 But flies from avarice and pride.

The

30 LYRIC VERSES.

The groves invite thee, and our vale,  
Where every fragrant bud that blows,  
And every stream, and every gale  
Will yield thee pastime and repose.

---

THE PAINTER.

AN ANACREONTIC.

WHEN CAEA's son aspir'd to fame,  
Aspir'd to paint the PAPHIAN dame,  
Despairing even in GREECE to find  
In one the numerous charms combin'd  
Of mein, and shape, and hue, and air,  
That constitute the peerless fair,  
And being bound, in love and duty,  
To paint a paragon of beauty,

He



## LYRIC VERSES. 31

He travelled far, and gathered graces,

In various lands, from various faces.

The maidens, emulous of fame,

Crouded where'er the painter came:

One gave the soft seducing eye,

And one the morn's vermilion dye,

Another gave her flowing hair,

And some seemed conscious of their air,

Or bade the snowy bosom heave,

Or symmetry, or sweetness gave.

In BRITAIN'S isle, in modern times,

Believe me, though I deal in rhymes,

Instead of wandering far and near

For bloom and features, shape and air,

Charmed in one heavenly form to find

Beauty's subduing powers combin'd,

The artist would have saved his toil,

Had he beheld LAVINIA smile.

THE

## THE RELAPSE.

## AN IDYLLION.

I'M free! no more with dance and song,  
Shepherds, I join the rural throng,  
For love in your assembly reigns.  
I'm free! I've broke the tyrant's chains.  
Hence, far hence now let me stray,  
Where woods exclude the glare of day,  
Where the tumbling high cascade  
Rushes through the rocky glade,  
Where the mournful stock-dove moans,  
And the groves return her groans,  
And no joyful sound is near  
Rudely to invade mine ear.  
Sweet Meditation! nymph that loves  
To roam by twilight in the groves,

Conduct

# LYRIC VERSES. 33

Conduct me to thy mossy cell,  
 Where all alone thou lovest to dwell,  
 Save when musing Melancholy  
 Shuns with thee the noise of folly;  
 And ever teach me to despise  
 Of fleeting life the cares or joys.  
 For what hath life but preying cares,  
 Slight pleasures, and perpetual fears,  
 Vain scene of troubles and of toils!  
 Unless when my LAVINIA smiles.  
 LAVINIA! how the magic name  
 Shoots through my soul a living flame!  
 Subdues me! glides into my song!—  
 Ah me! these gloomy groves among  
 I said I would securely rove  
 Free from the tyranny of love!  
 In vain!—Adieu, ye lonely streams,  
 Where meek-eyed Meditation dreams;

C

Adieu,



34 LYRIC VERSES,

Adieu, ye close embowering shades,  
For love your thickest gloom pervades.

---

H Y M N  
TO THE MUSE.

STROPHE.

W H I L E I tune the votive lay,  
And invoke the Muse's aid,  
Hence, ye harpy cares, away!  
Nor profane the hallowed shade.  
Benign inspirer of my song,  
O come, and with thee bring along,  
Essential to the tuneful vein,  
Calm quiet, and the soul serene.

ANTI-



# LYRIC VERSES.

35

## ANTISTROPHE.

Often have I left the plains,  
Left the rural sports and play,  
Careless of the nymphs and swains,  
Of their games and pastime gay;  
By thee of every care beguiled,  
Thoughtful I ranged the pathless wild,  
Where lonely lakes reflect the skies,  
And groves and hoary rocks arise.

## EPODE.

Far in the forest's awful shade,  
Where Solitude, of pensive mien,  
Reclined beside the high cascade,  
Admires the wild romantic scene,  
Pleased as the torrent roars along,  
Or listening to the turtle's song;

36 LYRIC VERSES.

Often my enchanted eyes  
Saw thy mystic band arise,  
And thy magic numbers stole,  
Murmuring sweetly, on my soul.

STROPHE.

Ever as returning spring  
Smiled auspicious on the mead,  
And the tempest's hoary king  
Howling in the whirlwind fled,  
By thee enlivened and inspir'd,  
By nature's powerful beauty fir'd,  
Careless of censure, blithe and free,  
I sung of nature and of thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

In the stream-divided glade,  
O how sweet with thee unseen,

By the bloomy hawthorn shade  
 To enjoy the pensive scene,  
 When HESPER closed the gates of day,  
 And CYNTHIA, with her silver ray,  
 Arising o'er the mountain's brow,  
 Gladdened the gloomy vale below.

E P O D E.

Then issuing from their rocky shelves,  
 Where dripping rills fast-trickling strain  
 In order meet the fairy-elves  
 Extend along the flowery plain :  
 And now the mazy ranks advance,  
 Revolving wild the mystic dance ;  
 Shrill the elfin minstrels sing,  
 By the stream the sprightly ring  
 Lightly trip the dewy plain  
 Round and round the glow-worm's train.



# 38 LYRIC VERSES.

## STROPHE.

Muse, thy sweet assuasive power  
 Soothes my soul, assailed with grief,  
 As the soft-descending shower  
 Gives the sickening rose relief,  
 When o'er the yellow meads and vales  
 The madding rage of noon prevails,  
 And flowers and vivid verdure fade,  
 And shepherds seek the embowering shade.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Thee, to Virtue near ally'd,  
 No ignoble cares controul;  
 Scorning pomp, despising pride,  
 Thine the independent soul.  
 How dear to love and friendship thou  
 Of turtle-eye and placid brow,



## LYRIC VERSES. 39

For feelings exquisitely fine  
And truth and tenderness are thine.

### EPODE.

While others in adventurous flight  
Soar high on PEGASAEAN wing,  
Eager to found the bloody fight  
And red-ey'd war's terrific king,  
Give me, amid the lonely grove,  
Unseen, unheard, with thee to rove,  
Free from anxious doubts and fears,  
Far from pride and courtly cares,  
Pallid envy, fierce debate,  
Calumny, and rankling hate.

## H Y M N

## T O H E A L T H.

O By the gentle gales that blow  
    Refreshing from the mountain's brow,  
By the vermil bloom of morn,  
By the dew-drop on the thorn,  
By the sky-lark's matin lay,  
By the flowers that blooming May  
    Sprinkles on the meads and hills,  
By the brooks and fuming rills,  
Come, smiling Health, and deign to be  
Our queen of rural sports and glee.  
What sudden radiance gilds the skies!  
What warblings from the groves arise!

A breeze

# LYRIC VERSES. 41

A breeze more odoriferous blows!  
 The stream more musically flows!  
 A brighter smile the valley wears!  
 And lo! the lovely queen appears.  
 O Health, I know thy blue-bright eye,  
 Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,  
 Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air  
 That wins a smile from pining care.  
 Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,  
 Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,  
 The zone of VENUS girds thy waist,  
 The young Loves flutter round thy breast,  
 And on thy path the rose-winged hours  
 Scatter their ever-varying flowers.  
 See! the nymphs and every swain  
 Mingle in thy festive train,  
 With roguish winks, and winning wiles,  
 And whispering low, and dimpling smiles,

And



42 LYRIC VERSES.

And many a tale, devised with care,  
To win the bashful maiden's ear ;  
And sweetly soothing blandishment,  
And the coy air of half consent ;  
And Joy, and rose-complexioned Laughter  
With tottering footstep following after.  
Goddeſs, ever blithe and fair,  
Ever mild and debonair,  
Stay with us, and deign to be  
Our Queen of rural mirth and glee.

ANA-



ANACREONTIC.

I FAIN would smite a louder string,  
 Of arms and martial feats would sing,  
 How WOLF subdued the Gallic pride,  
 And like the conquering THEBAN died:  
 How foremost in the ranks of war,  
 The sword of SCOTLAND flamed afar,  
 Dealt wild destruction to the foe,  
 And laid the howling INDIAN low:  
 From PINDUS, from CASTALIA's streams,  
 Deep-read in forms, and learned in names,  
 I bid the Muse ascend sublime,  
 And build the everlasting rhyme:  
 But forms, and long learned words are vain,  
 Harsh and uncouth the stubborn strain.  
 But when I sing the power of love,  
 Melody delights the grove,

Fragrant

44 LYRIC VERSES.

Fragrant blooming flowers arise,  
Breathing incense to the skies;  
Soft as evening zephyrs blow  
The ambling easy numbers flow,  
And by this proof convinced, I see,  
O Love! I have no Muse but thee.

---

IDYLLION

To a GENTLEMAN of the West  
Indies on his Marriage.

“AND thou hast dared to wear the chain!

“ And flowery may the fetters be!

“ If merit can the meed obtain,

“ Content will ever smile on thee.

“ Con-

LYRIC VERSES. 45

“ Connubial blessings shall be thine,  
“ Connubial virtues warm thy breast :  
“ Truth, candour, and good-humour join  
“ To render thee supremely blest.”

As thus the swain, from every hill,  
From every vale, and woody plain,  
From every brook, and gushing rill  
Wild-nymphs replied in plaintive strain :

“ Far from his native glades and groves,  
“ Far hence our chearful shepherd strays,  
“ Mid southern isles and oceans roves,  
“ Nor heeds our gratulating lays.

“ Yet here no fiery ray inflames  
“ The breezeless sky; our zephyrs blow  
“ Fresh from the mountain; and our streams  
“ Cool through the verdant valley flow.

“ Here



46 LYRIC VERSES,

" Here Health of roseat hue invites,  
" Her breath perfumes the downy gale,  
" The warbling of her song delights  
" The echoing green hill and the vale.

" Blest with the affections of the fair,  
" With truth, and peace, and lasting joy,  
" Ne'er may the gloomy cloud of care  
" The sunshine of his soul destroy."

Thine absence thus our valley mourns,  
And thus we hail thy tender love :  
Echo the strain returns, returns .  
A mother's voice from G—— grove.

TO



LYRIC VERSES. 47

TO HEALTH.

AN IDYLLION.

GENIAL Health! that loves to dwell

Mid the rural wild retreat,

Where the balmy-breathing gale

Aye perfumes thy grassy feat:

Goddeſs of the enlivening ſmile,

On thy cheek the roſes glow,

And thy winning words beguile

Sorrow and the pangs of woe.

Ever on the upland lawn

Warbleſt thou the oaten reed,

When the roſy-featured dawn

Beams upon the yellow mead.

Blithely

48 LYRIC VERSES;

Blithely dancing art thou seen  
With the swains and filvan maids,  
When along the lilled green  
Eve her dewy mantle spreads.

Goddeſs, from the flowery waſte,  
Hear a ſimple ſhepherd's prayer :  
Hear our valley's fond requeſt,  
And to PHOEBE's bower repair.

With thy lenient breezes come!  
With the enlivening ſmile of joy!  
O reſtore her fading bloom!  
O relume her languid eye!

And I ween no vulgar meed  
Shall reward thy guardian care,  
If a ſhepherd's ſimple reed  
Ever won thy liſtning ear.

THE

THE INVITATION.

Written at ST. PETERSBURGH.

LESBIA, return—I cannot say  
 To flowery fields, and seasons gay:  
 The Muse desponding cannot sing  
 Of the sweet garniture of Spring,  
 Of sunny hills, and verdant vales,  
 And groves, and streams, and gentle gales:  
 These in more hospitable climes  
 May run mellifluent in my rhimes:  
 For Winter, hoary and severe,  
 Rules, an imperious despot, here.  
 In chains the headlong flood he binds,  
 He rides impetuous on the winds,  
 Before him awful forests bend,  
 And tempests in his train contend.

D

But

50      LYRIC VERSES.

But what though wintry winds prevail,  
Though BOREAS sends his rattling hail,  
SIBERIAN snows, and many a blast  
Howling along the dreary waste,  
From SAMOÏDA to the shores  
Where black with storms the EUXINE roars,  
Thy blameless wit, thy polished sense,  
Can ease and gaiety dispense.  
Come then, my lovely Maid, and bring  
The kindly influence of Spring :  
Come with thy animating air,  
And nature's weary waste repair.

HYMN



LYRIC VERSES, 51

H Y M N

T O

S O L I T U D E.

YE vales, ye venerable shades,  
Ye gloomy groves, romantic glades,

To your retreats I fly ;

Remote from pride's disdainful sneer,

And Folly's rude, unmeaning leer,

And Envy's venom'd eye.

OREADS and DRYADS, filvan powers,

Inhabiting the caves and bowers,

Or ye that from the rocks and hills

Send rivers and refreshing rills,

Propitious guide me to the dells

Where SOLITUDE in quiet dwells.

52 LYRIC VERSES.

O have ye seen the gentle maid,  
 Her tresses waving to the wind,  
 Like a young shepherdes array'd,  
 All in the mossy cave reclin'd,  
 Where the fragrant woodbine blows,  
 And a limpid fountain flows  
 Murmuring through the vale,  
 While far amid the deepening grove  
 Lorn PHILOMEL attunes her love  
 In wild notes warbling to the according gale?  
 There musing MELANCHOLY reigns,  
 And as she breathes her solemn strains,  
 The pensive thoughts in soft succession rise,  
 Heaves the warm heart, and swim the tearful eyes.

O SOLITUDE, of soul serene,  
 Of thoughtful eye, and modest mein,  
 Lovely philosophic maid  
 Guide me to thy silent shade!

Often in thy woody dell,  
 The Muses tune the charming shell  
 That fills the soul with heavenly fires,  
 Undaunted fortitude inspires,  
 Inspires magnanimous designs,  
 The grovelling appetites refines,  
 The filken bands of pleasure breaks,  
 And vice's wide dominion shakes.  
 From thee arose the SAMIAN song;  
 From thee the laws of NUMA sprung;  
 In later times by thee reveal'd,  
 LUTHER the beam of truth beheld,  
 And fearless bade the powerful light  
 Confound the spectres of the night;  
 Night fled with Superstition's train,  
 The scourge, the rack, the galling chain.  
 O lead me to the solemn groves,  
 Where heavenly CONTEMPLATION roves:



54 LYRIC VERSES.

The holy hermit often strays  
Far from the valley's flowery maze,  
Sequestered on the mountains hoar,  
Where forests wave, and torrents roar.  
Incumbent o'er the rocky steep  
He views afar the boundless deep,  
And when the waves of Ocean roll,  
Sublime delight suspends his soul.  
By him the emancipated mind  
Leaves narrow Prejudice behind,  
Soars high, beyond the shrieks of night  
Guides unappalled her eagle-flight,  
To meet Religion's genuine ray,  
"And mingle with the blaze of day."

TO



T O M I R T H.

AN IDYLLION.

**H**ASTE thee, MIRTH, enlivening power,

Parent of the genial hour,

Sportive god without delay

Animate our festal day.

Here, where dewy roses glow,

And the hawthorn blossoms blow,

And the lively linnets sing,

Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.

Come, inspire the festive strain ;

Come with all thy happy train,

Jovial Sports, alluring Wiles,

Laughter, and the dimpling Smiles.

Leave a while the PAPHIAN grove,

Lo, the radiant Queen of Love,

56 LYRIC VERSES.

Ever gentle, ever gay,  
Hither wins her easy way.  
And how lovely she appears!  
Ino's form the goddess wears,  
With her unaffected ease,  
And her native power to please,  
And her sweetly-pensive air,  
And her smiles that banish care.  
Hark! from every vocal grove,  
Shepherds swell the raptured song,  
"Who is she that moves along?  
"Ino? or the Queen of Love?"

PLAIN

PLAIN TRUTH.

TO A LADY.

AN ANACREONTIC,

“AWAKE, my muse! awake, my lyre!

“ In DELIA’S praise: and may the lay,

“ Glowing with pure poetic fire,

“ Flow copious, elegant, and gay.

“ Her virtues and her charms proclaim,

“ Proclaim her innocent of guile,

“ And gentle; and transmit to fame

“ The power of her subduing smile.”

’Twas thus, reclined in yonder shade,

I oft invoked the muse’s aid:

At

58 LYRIC VERSES.

At length she came; but vanished fast,  
And smiling archly as she past,  
She said, " 'Twere better had you chose  
" To tell your tale in honest prose;  
" And therefore, when you call me next,  
" Take my advice, and change the text;  
" Invoke me when you deal in fiction,  
" Plain truth needs no poetic diction."

WITH



WITH SOME FLOWERS.

TO A LADY.

AN IDYLLION.

TO thee, sweet-smiling maid, I bring  
The beauteous progeny of Spring;

In every breathing bloom I find  
Some pleasing emblem of thy mind.

The blushes of that opening rose  
Thy tender modesty disclose.

These snow-white lilies of the vale,  
Diffusing fragrance to the gale,

No ostentatious tints assume,  
Vain of their exquisite perfume;

Careless, and sweet, and mild, we see  
In these a lovely type of thee.

60 LYRIC VERSES.

In yonder gay enamelled field  
Serene that azure blossom smil'd;  
Not changing with the changeful sky,  
Its faithless tints inconstant fly,  
For unimpaired by winds and rain  
I saw the unaltered hue remain.  
So, were thy wild affections prov'd,  
Thy heart by fortune's frowns unmov'd,  
Pleased to administer relief,  
In troublous times would solace grief,  
These flowers with genuine beauty glow;  
The tints from Nature's pencil flow;  
What artist could improve their bloom?  
Or meliorate their sweet perfume?  
Fruitless the vain attempt. Like these,  
Thy native truth, thine artless ease,  
Fair, unaffected maid, can never fail to please.

21 DE 59

## RUNNY MEAD.

NOVEMUR ENIM, NESCIO QUO PACTO,  
LOCIS IPSIS IN QUIBUS EORUM QUOS  
DILIGIMUS AUT ADMIRAMUR  
ADSUNT VESTIGIA.

CIC. DE LEG.

A conference between the King and the Barons was appointed at Runny Mead, between Windsor and Staines, a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event. The two parties encamped apart like open enemies; and, after a debate of a few days, the King, with a facility which was somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the Charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the Great Charter, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom.

HUME'S HIST. Chap. ii.



## R U N N Y M E A D.

**H**ERE will I stay my stranger-steps, and greet  
This hallowed field. Here, though unskilled  
to breathe

Soft melody, mine oaten reed shall pour  
The song of gratulation. RUNNY MEAD,  
Thee I salute with reverence! not that May  
Accompanied with odoriferous gales,  
Visits thy border, and with herbs and flowers  
Arrays thee; nor that THAMES 'mid willowed isles,  
And fruitful field, flow-winding from the towers  
And groves of WINDSOR, laves thy margin green,  
Rendering thee homage; nor that COOPER-HILL,  
Adorned with verdure, and renowned in song,

## 64 RUNNY MEAD.

Defends thee from the fultry south. It is  
 That Freedom honours thee—hail, RUNNY MEAD!  
 Illustrious field! like MARATHON renown'd!  
 Or SALAMIS, where Freedom on the hofts  
 Of PERSIA from her radiant sword shook fear  
 And dire discomfiture! Even now I tread  
 Where ALBION's antient Barons won the pledge  
 Of independence. Here on stately steeds  
 Gaily caparisoned, their shields engrav'd  
 With fair achievements, and devices quaint  
 Of chivalry, with plaited mail and spear  
 High-flaming they advanced. Their brow sedate,  
 And stedfast mein announced the vigorous mind  
 Determined for the public weal. Rebuk'd  
 By their superior genius, though begirt  
 With flattering minions, in thy sullen eye,  
 PLANTAGENET! thine abject spirit lour'd.

“ Think

RUNNY MEAD. 65

“ Think not,” they cried, “ thou reignest and  
art rever’d

“ By free-born men to gratify thy pride

“ And worthless appetites. Mistaken Prince,

“ Can regal titles, like a potent spell,

“ Confer dominion? or can founding phrase,

“ Monarch and Emperor, mere words, convey

“ A right to tyrannize? Or hast thou dream’d

“ That chosen genii at the birth of kings

“ Preside auspicious, forming them for rule

“ And high pre-eminence? What earth refin’d

“ By stellar influence mild, tempered in foils

“ ELYSIAN, moistened with the dews that bathe

“ The blooms of PARADISE, hath Nature sought

“ To fashion princes? Or what obvious proof

“ Of peerless worth, stamped on their outward  
form,

“ Commands obedience? In the haughty eye,

E

“ And



66 RUNNY MEAD.

“ And on the lofty forehead, Pride alone  
“ Hath graved the law, “ Obey me, and submit  
“ Implicit to my will.” An impious law,  
“ Unwarranted by reason, and condemn’d  
“ By the ingenuous dictates of the heart!  
“ Say, can the Monarch, or proud Baron, boast  
“ Finer materials, or more skilled device  
“ In their formation, or more curious shape  
“ And ministry of limbs, than he that plows  
“ The glebe, and earns his livelihood with toil?  
“ Yet with no dainty cates the mapple dish  
“ Regales his palate; and from wintry winds  
“ He seeks the shelter of his humble cot,  
“ Unenvious of the lofty hall begirt  
“ With towers and battlements. No purer gales  
“ Inspire thy panting lungs, than what he breathes  
“ To woods and wilds in lively-ditted song.  
“ Vain pageantry and long parade of state

“ Work:



- " Working on idle fancy, fill the crowd  
 " With gaping wonder: but will pale Disease  
 " Regard thy royalty? Or can thy power  
 " Stay or repell the arm of Death? He comes,  
 " No supple courtier trim, with lip that wears  
 " Sweet filken smiles, inviting to the feast,  
 " Or fair assembly of soft maids. He comes,  
 " Haggard and stern; a shape uncouth, with frowns  
 " Horrific to confound thy pride, and waste  
 " Thy pampered carcase. Know, to all mankind,  
 " Nature accords like appetites and powers  
 " Of genuine pleasure. The laborious hind  
 " Like thee enjoys the bed of ease; enjoys  
 " The balmy pleasures of applause; and woos  
 " The sweet endearments of domestic life.  
 " Perchance more musical the father's name  
 " Saluteth his ear; the appellation bland  
 " Of husband, dews of softer bliss distils

“ On his consenting heart, than kings have prov’d  
“ Amid the glare of courts. What tastes beside,  
“ Thy breast solicit, or what passions fire,  
“ Require the rule of reason: if indulg’d  
“ Beyond due limits, they degrade the soul,  
“ And poison our repose. To shame the night  
“ With revelry and riot, to consume  
“ The day in torpid sloth, to be admir’d  
“ And gazed at by the gaping croud, to fold  
“ Thy limbs in soft apparel, and to feed  
“ On dainty viands, while continual smiles  
“ Of fawning minions weary thee, behold  
“ The sum of thine enjoyments! spurious joys!  
“ The brood of false Opinion, in the lap  
“ Of Flattery nurs’d, and fostered with the smiles  
“ Of self-applauding Vanity. For these  
“ Wouldst thou enslave thy fellow-men? deprive  
“ Them of their native rights? O worse than wild

“ Vora-

RUNNY MEAD. 69

- “ Voracious tyger! he pursues the fawn  
“ To gratify his natural wants : but thou,  
“ To gratify thy spurious passions, born  
“ Of vice, unowned by nature wouldst condemn  
“ Thy fellow-men to misery. Cast down  
“ The proud presumptuous thought; and seek the  
fame  
“ To reign thy people’s father, to preserve  
“ Their independence, and prevent the woes  
“ That spring from anarchy and fierce misrule.”

O gallant chiefs! whether ye ride the winds,  
Bound on some high commission to confound  
The pride of guilty kings; or to alarm  
Their coward spirits through the realms of night  
Hurl the tremendous comet; or in bowers  
Of blooming paradise enjoy repose;  
I ween the memory of your patriot-zeal  
Exalts your glory, and sublimes your joy.



That day, reclining in his mossy hall,  
 Raised on high columns, paved with ores, and  
 roof'd

With chrystal, underneath the gliding wave,  
 Amid the assembly of the watery powers  
 Swelling his tide with tributary streams,  
 THAMES heard the tidings; and his prescient mind  
 Was rapt in far futurity. "'Tis done!"  
 He cried, "'tis done! the mighty deed atchiev'd,  
 " Big with important issues! For a time,  
 " Though destined days of havock and dismay  
 " May lour with hideous aspect, yet athwart  
 " These glooms horrific, lo! the star of peace  
 " Ariseth radiant, shedding beams of mild  
 " Assuasive influence. Lo, she comes! she comes!  
 " Freedom from her celestial bower descends  
 " Girt with refulgent glory, to promote



RUNNY MEAD. 71

“ The independent virtues, and improve  
“ The latent principles of human worth.  
“ Hail, Freedom! hail! Like the pervading beam  
“ Of TITAN, through all nature kindling life,  
“ And health, and gladness, thy reviving ray  
“ Exhilarates and warms. Bereft of thee,  
“ Even in the bowers, and flowery paths of joy  
“ The struggling sigh arises, chilling fear  
“ Unnerves the heart, and secret pangs of grief  
“ Prey on the manly spirit. Soft the smile  
“ Of orient Morn; and sweet the rustling wing  
“ Of ZEPHYR rising from the waste of flowers,  
“ And breathing fragrance; but nor orient Morn,  
“ Nor fragrant ZEPHYR, nor ARABIAN climes,  
“ Nor gilded cielings, can relieve the soul  
“ Pining in thralldom. On thy step attends  
“ ASTRÆA smiling, to the virtuous mind  
“ A lovely form, mild, and benevolent;

“ But to the foul foul with committed crimes  
“ Frowning, an hideous Gorgon, armed with wrath,  
“ And clothed with deadly terror. Candid Truth,  
“ In white apparel, beauteous as the Morn,  
“ The friend of Justice, honoured and careft  
“ By Liberty, revisits earth. Erewhile  
“ Banished by Superstition’s yells and racks  
“ Tormenting, by fell tyranny dismay’d  
“ And persecuted to etherial fields  
“ She winged her luminous flight: behind her  
    clos’d  
“ Deep darknefs. Beam, O gentle Goddefs, beam  
“ Thy holy light! protected by the shield  
“ Of Liberty, confound the dark deceit,  
“ The guile of specious priesthood, and expose  
“ The cruelty and barbarous arts that lurk  
“ Behind the bannered crofs. In the lone walk  
“ Of Meditation let thy form serene

“ Salute

- " Salute the pondering sage, and cheer his soul  
 " Labouring in doubts, in wild opinion's maze  
 " Perplexed and wandering. By thine eye dispers'd,  
 " Millions of varying shades, and shapes uncouth,  
 " Thin air-blown theories, and systems wove  
 " With fancy's woof, glistening in transient beams  
 " Of novelty, dissolve. The unreal form  
 " Of Error, vested in the motlied garb  
 " Of Ignorance and Folly, trickt with smiles  
 " Perfidious, vanishes in air. What strains  
 " Of warbled melody delight my soul?  
 " From groves, and glades, and every winding  
     stream  
 " Harmony breathes! The powers of song awake  
 " Their numerous descant. They in ages past  
 " Hight nymphs PIERIAN, in the AONIAN glades,  
 " By streams of fair CEPHISUS, or in groves  
 " Of HELICON, sweet-smiling minstrels, dealt  
     " Har-



- “ Harmony to the listening isles and shores  
“ Of GREECE. How soon fair Liberty, betray’d  
“ By venal arts and foul corruption, fled  
“ Her cities, and the towers of PALLAS fell  
“ A prey to thralldom, the melodious choir  
“ Ceased their sweet warbling. Yet in after times  
“ Their voice was heard, and when despotic power  
“ Assumed the mien of Liberty, a strain  
“ Energetic flowed by TIBER, and the pipe  
“ In MANTUA warbled. Ah! full soon the roar  
“ And dissonance of discord harsh, and frowns  
“ Of tyranny, whose rugged visage damps  
“ The genial fervors of the soul, and quells  
“ The aspiring spirit, marred their heavenly song.  
“ Again they lift their tuneful voice, and pour  
“ Their sweet assuasive numbers. Deadly feuds,  
“ And war, and carnage, and the groans of death,  
“ Shall cease: the islands and the fruitful vales  
“ Shall



RUNNY MEAD. 75

- “ Shall shout with gladness; and the mingled dance,  
“ The sprightly tabor, and the pipe shall cheer  
“ My willowed banks. Ye villagers, rejoice;  
“ And ye who cultivate the fertile glebe  
“ Carrol the gladfome song. For you the plain  
“ Shall wave with wheaten harvests; and the gale  
“ From blooming bean-fields shall diffuse perfume.  
“ In gallant order, o’er my curling wave,  
“ Arrayed in gay apparel, crowned with gems,  
“ Commerce exulting guides her burnished prow.  
“ Hail Lady, welcome to the shores and streams  
“ Of sea-girt ALBION. From the mountain’s brow  
“ Descend propitious O ye gales! and swell  
“ The floating canvas. Waft to distant shores  
“ The fruits of ALBION’s cultured fields; the  
fleece  
“ Shorn from her milk-white flocks; and in return,  
“ Give power and fame to her deserving race.”

He

76 RUNNY MEAD.

He ceased; and lo! with glad accord the nymphs  
 Raised the soft symphony: and on thy lap,  
 Fair field! invoked the fostering dews, and showers,  
 And western gales, to scatter opening blooms.

Famed RUNNY MEAD! thee I survey with awe  
 And holy reverence. May no impious step  
 Profane thy hallowed bounds. O ye, immerst  
 In luxury or shameful sloth, the slaves  
 Of pleasure, who neglect the warning voice  
 Of public virtue, when a nation's tears  
 Implore deliverance from oppression's rod,  
 Or baleful penury!—O ye who dare,  
 In spite of shame, regardless of contempt,  
 For paltry gold, or titles falsely deem'd  
 Honours, your peerless birth-right sell, and bend  
 Submissive to the yoke!—O ye who bathe  
 Your speech in honied flattery, who mould  
 Your pliant features to assenting smiles,

And

## RUNNY MEAD. 77

And heap mean incense on the splendid shrine  
 Of arrogating Pride!—O false of heart  
 Ye who enflamed with avarice, or revenge,  
 Or envy, or ambition, dare assume  
 The semblance of fair Liberty, to fire  
 The madding multitude, and from her dens  
 Infernal to provoke the snaky fiend,  
 Frantic Sedition—Hence ye tainted crew,  
 Nor taste this air, nor with licentious step  
 Profane this hallowed ground. The virgin-choir  
 PIERIAN here shall scatter garlands wove  
 With flowers of ATTICA, and those that bloom  
 By AGANIPPE's tuneful fount. The powers  
 And virtues delegated to protect  
 The human race, with ALBION's antient chiefs,  
 Shall here assemble, and high councils hold  
 To blast the might, to counteract the spells

Of



78      RUNNY MEAD.

Of Vice; arch-necromancer; and secure  
The happiness ordained to mortal man.

And now return, my vagrant Muse! full bold  
Hast thou adventured, and hast swelled a note  
Of higher utterance than befits the reed  
Of an unpolished minstrel. Yet the lay  
Flows not in vain, nor without high reward  
Of honour, if the illustrious few approve  
Who value Independence, and have vow'd  
By Truth and Virtue to maintain her power.

C O R S I C A.

WRITTEN AT

ST. PETERSBURGH,

M.DCC.LXVIII.





# C O R S I C A.

**B**RITONS, awake! shake off the unseemly  
bands

Of indolence and pleasure: from the embrace

Of wantonness arise: waste not those powers,

Destined by nature for illustrious deeds,

In revelry and riot. O how long,

Harrowing the soul, shall enmity and strife

Distract your reason, and destroy your peace?

What angry spirit hath gone forth, possess

Your troubled minds with discord, and inflam'd

The frenzy of sedition? shameless race!

The lust of power, the sordid thirst of gain

Compell your hearts; and pleasure's poisonous

draught

F

With

With secret, swift-consuming influence, wastes  
Your boasted vigor. Tame, can ye behold  
Oppression, with inhuman rage, pursue  
The guiltless; burning with unhallowed zeal  
To crush the free-born, and enthrall the brave?

O CORSICA, for thee my spirit grieves!  
By nature destined the retreat of peace,  
And smiling freedom; like BRITANNIA, girt  
With guardian-waves, thy vales and watered plains  
To persevering toil and culture yield  
Abundance; not spontaneously profuse  
To pamper sloth, but fertile to reward  
The arts of industry. In vain thy seas  
Defend thee, and thy fruitful vales in vain  
Have courted freedom. From the LATIAN shore,  
The ROMAN eagle, ravenous for the prey,  
Ravaged thy fields: the CARTHAGINIAN spoil'd  
Thy flowery vallies: and in later times,

The

The SARACEN defiled thy streams with gore :  
These were thy foes profest. But under guise  
Of plighted faith, the false LIGURIAN, skill'd  
In perfidy and guileful arts, impos'd  
The yoke of thralldom. Thus from age to age  
Thy genius struggled with incessant toils ;  
And what sustained thee but the generous zeal  
For independence ? Hence thy valiant chief  
PASCAL arose, from tyranny, and guile  
Perfidious, to assert thy rights. In vain !  
The GAUL insatiate, burning with the pangs  
Of wild ambition thwarted, pours an host  
Leagued with injustice, to o'erwhelm the sons  
Of freedom, by ingenuous freedom bold.

O CORSICA, for thee my spirit grieves !  
Moved with compassion, while in thought I view  
Thy cities desolate, thy fruitful fields  
Ravaged and waste. Slain in the prime of life



Thy warriors perish ; and thy hoary fires  
Welter in blood ; thy matrons frantic, howl ;  
And with dishevelled locks, thy tender maids  
Disgraced, unpitied, wail. Who shall arise,  
Faithful to virtue, and assured of fame,  
To shield the guiltless, to defend the weak,  
And break oppression's rod ? O who hath heard  
The voice of Freedom pleading with her sons ?  
That voice which penetrates and fires the heart,  
Rouzes the powers of action, and dispels  
Pleasure's deluding dream. To ALBION's cliffs  
The goddess turns her tender-weeping eye :  
So weeps a mother, injured and oppressed ;  
So flies for succour to her elder-born.

O BRITONS ! let her pleading touch your hearts :  
Hath she not cherished you ? hath not her power  
In perilous times sustained you ; and repell'd  
The weapons of oppression ? Hence your fields

Wave with abundance; and your streets rejoice,  
Crouded and active. Hence to every wind  
Commerce expands her sails: from every clime,  
From GANGES, and the spicy groves of IND,  
Or from the western shores and islands laved  
By the ATLANTIC, wealth, the due reward  
Of industry, pours copious. Prospering arts,  
Planted by Freedom, by her bounteous hand  
Upheld, in ALBION fix their chosen seat.

But not alone, to pile unbounded wealth,  
To cherish arts, secure and undisturb'd  
To share the plenteous feast, and rest at ease  
Beneath the bower of peace, hath Heav'n bestow'd  
The precious boon. 'Tis that the minds of men,  
Vigorous and unrestrained, may raise their powers,  
Put forth the fruits of virtue, and exalt  
Their nature to a higher rank. O ye,  
Skilful to search the mazes of the heart,

Weigh its perfections, and explore its powers,  
Is there a virtue more divinely fair,  
More powerful to resist o'erwhelming vice,  
And give our faculties, embellished, fir'd  
With heavenly energy, to soar sublime,  
Than mild Benevolence? her radiant beams  
Illuminate the breast, dispell the gloom  
Of fordid passions, calm o'erflowing rage,  
With genial influence foster and promote  
The seeds of upright action, and diffuse  
Joy to the conscious heart. So blith-eyed Spring  
With smiles, and gentle airs, temperates the sky  
From biting colds, unbinds the frozen glebe,  
And with distilling dews prepares the year  
For the sweet progeny of herbs and flowers.  
But not alone in the forsaken vale  
And woodland path of solitude, by deeds  
Of private virtue, will the chosen few

Warmed



Warmed with the generous heart, valiant and free,  
Improve their native fires. They climb the ascent  
Of high renown : regardless of the smiles,  
The soft enticements, and alluring arts  
Of indolence and pleasure, they embrace  
The weal of nations : dauntless, unappall'd  
With perils, and with menaced death atchieve  
Actions of bold emprise : and from the seat  
Of power expel injustice. Thus inspir'd,  
BRITONS arise ! ye who enjoy the sweets,  
The conscious dignity, the placid smile  
Of Liberty, impart the bliss to those  
Who pant for independence ; yet behold  
The yoke suspended, and the fetters forg'd.

Is there a state more piteous than of men  
Free-born and brave, doomed by ambition's rage  
To pine in thraldom ? Heirs of light and life,  
Heirs of the bounty poured impartial forth

By nature to her sons, but of their right,  
Their precious birthright, reft by lawlefs power!  
Dragged forth reluctant to the galling task,  
No lenient hopes, no ray of promifed blifs  
To chear their toil—defponding and difmay'd,  
While ftern oppreffion, with rapacious grasp,  
Seizes the pittance, earned with fleeplefs care,  
A fcant provifion for their feeble age,  
Or death-bed langour—whelmed with fhame,  
                  enflam'd

With thirft of vengeance, while the fcourge inflicts  
Difhonourable pain—can they enjoy  
The fmile of peace? or can their humble roof,  
Exposed to insult, and the spoilers rage,  
Yield confolation? Mifery worfe than death,  
When free-born men, endowed with godlike powers,  
With generous paffions glowing, are compell'd  
To obey the wild defires, or mean caprice

Of

Of an imperious tyrant, when perchance  
The heart revolts, and Virtue cries aloud  
Against the deed. Chilled by unkindly blights,  
Their opening virtues languish and decay.  
Their features lose the liberal air of truth  
And open candour. Dark suspicion clouds  
Their lowering visage ; and deceit perverts  
Their faltering speech. When pride and avarice  
warp

The oppressor's heart, bar his relentless ear  
Against the prayer of pity, and craze  
The sense of merit from his darkened soul ;  
What shield can weakness to his ravenous grasp  
Oppose, but dastard guile ? Can those who groan  
Beneath the inhuman task, whose rueful pangs  
Unpitied, unrelieved, breed lasting hate  
And thirst of vengeance in the soul, indulge  
Tender emotions, and the glowing heart ?

O ye



O ye who roll the eye of fierce disdain,  
Impute not to the trembling, tortur'd slave,  
Condemned by partial fortune to endure  
The stripes of avarice, and the scorn of pride,  
Impute not guile, or an unfeeling breast.  
Ye teach him feelings! your insatiate rage  
His hate exasperates, and enflames his heart  
With rancour and unusual wrath. 'Twas thus,  
The IBERIAN humanized the guiltless tribes  
Who roamed PERUVIAN forests, and the banks  
Of ORELLANE, what time, convulsed and torn  
With agony, the tortured fires bequeath'd  
Repentment to their sons! 'Twas then their hearts  
Throbbed with new horror; with unwonted ire  
The wild eye reddened, and the virtues fled!  
The gentle virtues! In their stead arose  
Dismay, the counsellor of dastard deeds,  
Revenge, and ruthless Hatred. Then were heard

Wail

Wailings and weeping: howled the desert-caves;  
And nature from the roaring torrents sigh'd.

'Tis Virtue's cause.—That plant of healing  
power

To assuage heart-rending care, reared by the hand  
Of smiling Liberty, expands, and bears  
Sweet fruitage. BRITONS, ere the gathered storm,  
Fierce-flying on the whirlwind's wasteful wing,  
Scatter wild ruin, followed by the wail  
Of unavailing sorrow, interpose  
Timely relief, and from the ravening blast  
Preserve the goodly blossoms. If by deeds  
Ye prove your ardour genuine, and your zeal  
For independence, not an airy dream,  
Know, on your spirits the renewing power  
Of liberty descending, shall restore  
The virtues of your fathers, valour, truth,  
And temperance, and justice. Who shall dare,

When

When thus enlightened, thus renewed, ye feel  
Your innate dignity ; when bold to act,  
And clear to penetrate, ye know the force  
And worth of independence ; who shall dare,  
By open violence, or insidious guile,  
Provoke your vengeance ? When the ATHENIANS  
rose

Heroic to defend the IONIAN states  
From PERSIA'S arrogating power, the fire  
Of public virtue, with intenser beam,  
Glowed in their bosoms, on the gladdened isles,  
Streaming athwart incumbent glooms, diffus'd  
Mild radiance ; and with bright effulgence blaz'd  
Glorious around them, when the numerous host  
Of ASIA fled from MARATHON, and stain'd  
The shores of SALAMIS with reeking gore.

What boots it to enjoy the smiles of heaven,  
The flowery seasons, and the soft perfumes

Shook



Shook from the wings of zephyr, and retire  
Forgotten to the grave? Is it for this  
The mind of man, informed with mighty powers,  
Conceives the future, and revolves the past,  
Reasons, reflects, and judges? Hark! the voice  
Of glory summons, bids the soul exert  
Her faculties, not given to sleep supine  
In pleasure's filken lap, but to atchieve  
Peerless renown. Nor will the laurel earn'd  
By deeds of martial hardihood, preserve  
Immortal verdure. Transient fame proceeds  
From armies vanquished, and from ruined states.  
Praise follows virtue. Few the THEBAN bands,  
And limited the scene of their exploits:  
Yet Fame with rapture celebrates the chief,  
Who, calmly brave, on MANTINAEA's field,  
Expired a patriot; turning with disdain  
From the fierce ravagers whose numerous hosts,

Stream-

Streaming from SCYTHIAN and SARMATIAN  
cliffs,

Deluged the world. Although your conquering  
sword,

Heroes of ALBION, on the northern shores

Of CANADA, or in the genial isles,

CUBA and MARTINIQUE, humbled the pride

Of CELTIC and IBERIAN kings, your fame

Shines with diminished splendor, if the prayers

Of injured virtue are preferred in vain.

Arise distinguished! blast Ambition's hopes!

Frustrate her dark designs! the heroic deed

Shall live recorded in the page of fame,

Or warbled by the muse. The immortal muse,

From time's impetuous tide, whose current sweeps

Kingdoms and mighty nations down the gulph

Of dark oblivion, rescues and preserves

The wreath by virtue earn'd. In future times,

By

By Golo's streams, or in the cultured plains  
Of fair BALAGNA, when secure of wrongs,  
And lawless rule, the peasant shall behold  
His ripening harvests, conscious of his bliss,  
Thus to his sons shall he rehearse the praise  
Of BRITISH virtue—(from their eyes the while,  
Tears of soft-mingled gratitude and joy,  
Sprung genuine from the heart, shall steal) "My  
sons,

" Revere the race of ALBION: when the sword  
" Of spoilers rose against us, from afar  
" They heard our mourning, and our sufferings  
mov'd  
" Their generous hearts. They saw, and they ad-  
mir'd  
" The spirit of our fathers, uneduc'd  
" By venal arts; unshaken, undismay'd  
" By rage tyrannical: they rose confess'd



“ Freedom’s avengers: trembling and abash’d  
“ The GAUL beheld, and fled as from the wrath  
“ Of angry heaven.”—O ALBION, wilt thou scorn  
These proffered laurels yielding fairer fame  
Than wealth and empire? Shall perfidious smiles  
Of sloth entice thy virtue, and unnerve  
Thy boasted strength? Forbid it, Heaven! the bold  
Heroic BRITON, true to Freedom’s cause,  
Her rights shall vindicate, avenge her wrongs,  
And heap confusion on her faithless foes.

THE  
PROGRESS  
OF  
MELANCHOLY.

A VISION.

G





THE  
P R O G R E S S  
O F  
M E L A N C H O L Y.  
A V I S I O N.

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T O A F R I E N D.

**S**TILL will thy bosom heave? Still will the  
cloud

Of sorrow lour on thy desponding brow?

O how it grieves me to behold thee grieve!

To see thee penfive seek the lone retreat

Of Solitude, the nurse of Woe, and yield

100 THE PROGRESS

Thy blooming youth a victim to Despair!  
 Banish thy sorrows. With unbiassed mind  
 Weigh thy condition and thy fears; discern  
 With reason and with candour, O discern  
 Thy real from thy fancied woes. Beware  
 Of a distempered fancy, for her rod  
 Endowed with magic potency commands  
 Unnumbered legions, o'erwhelms the soul  
 With sorrow and dismay. Like thee erewhile  
 Hapless I languished, and my youth decayed  
 Blasted by fell imaginary cares;  
 And sorrow still had laid my bosom waste,  
 Still had I languished plaintive and forlorn,  
 Incapable of action and of joy,  
 But that my better genius roused my soul,  
 From her consuming lethargy. My friend!  
 The mild companion of my early days,  
 Thou, of the candid and ingenuous breast,

Whose

OF MELANCHOLY 101

Whose praise inflamed me in the upward path  
Of science and of truth, shall I not strive  
To wean thee from thy sorrows, and diffuse  
The balm of comfort on thy troubled soul?

Soft was the season, for the genial airs  
Of summer waved their odoriferous wings  
On hill and dale, in valley and in grove  
Umbrageous. Yet nor sunny hill, nor dale  
Gaily enamel'd, nor irriguous vales,  
Nor groves umbrageous could afford me joy.  
Sorrowing and sad I sought the impervious gloom  
Of forests, where the solitary rocks  
Piled savage, frowned on my desponding soul.  
And now HYPERION in the ATLANTIC main  
With AMPHITRITE and the NEREID nymphs  
Held converse; HESPER in the western sky  
His lucid lamp suspended, thro' the vault  
Of night diffusing radiance; till the moon



102 THE PROGRESS

Peer'd o'er the shaggy eastern hills, half-veil'd  
 With clouds and vapours, in fantastic shapes  
 Rolled round the horizon. On a mossy bank  
 Reclined, beside a reverend elm, I mus'd  
 Alone and mournful. From a neighbouring glade  
 Her melting notes, with many a solemn pause  
 And many a warbling, PHILOMEL renew'd.  
 Fast by a limpid stream, meandering wild  
 With murmurings suited to my soul, enticed  
 My heart with pensive pleasure, and ere long  
 Shedding from downy wings his opiate dews,  
 Soft sleep descended on my weary eyes.

'Twas then a vision of high import rose  
 Refulgent on my soul. Before me lay  
 A valley guarded with impending rocks,  
 With meads and streams, and shady groves adorn'd.  
 Full many an intricate, and winding way,  
 And many a thorny, many a flowery path,

Trod

OF MELANCHOLY. 103

Trod by continual passengers, appeared  
In various perspective. Some rose aloft  
To stately towers and palaces that crown'd  
The summit of aspiring hills, and blaz'd  
Effulgent to the sun. Others retir'd,  
Sought the low valley, and the calm retreat  
Of groves and deepening glades, by placid streams  
Guiding their artless mazes. Others led  
To flowery bowers and meadows, whence arose  
The noise of merriment, and dance, and song.  
Not more perplexed and intricate that fam'd  
DAEDALIAN labyrinth, where the CRETAN king  
And lawgiver, sage MINOS, held in dire  
Captivity the ATHENIAN youth a prey  
To the fell MINOTAUR, till THESEUS slew  
The insatiate monster, and gave ATHENS peace.

104 THE PROGRESS

A while embarrassed I remained, in doubt  
 Whither to bend my unexperienced step;  
 Till issuing from a woody dale obscure  
 And solitary, lo a female form  
 Drew my attention. Sable her attire,  
 And flowing; pensive was her air, and slow  
 And graceful was her motion. Blooming health  
 Her lovely hue embellished; and her eye,  
 Soft and serene, express'd a mind benign,  
 And gentle, and engaging. Onward still  
 She moved, and seemed so lovely, and so mild,  
 And languishing, my bosom glow'd with love;  
 And, as by soft contagion, I perceived  
 Congenial languishment possess my soul.  
 Onward she came; with reverential awe  
 Lowly I bended. She, with aspect bland,  
 Thrice o'er me waved a myrtle bough, and thrice  
 Shook from the leaves drops of enchanting dew

Cold



OF MELANCHOLY. 105

Cold and pellucid. Sudden I perceiv'd  
My bosom beat with marvellous desire  
To follow her, unparagoned, and flow,  
And gracefully retiring. To her dell  
I followed: till behold, a winged Boy,  
Lovely of feature, rosy, and array'd  
In white apparel, with his tresses loose,  
And playing with the sportive gale, appear'd  
Smiling before me. Ever and anon  
He shook his purple plumage, and a shower  
Of flowers and fragrant blossoms on my path  
Descended grateful. Then his harmless sports  
Jovial he practis'd. "Youth, said he, is blithe,  
" And ever lively, and that Power am I.  
" Yield thee to me, and to the festive vales  
" Of pleasure I will guide thee. Haste thee, leave  
" Pale Melancholy; pale, tho' she appear  
" Blooming to thee. Avoid her wayward path,

" And

106 THE PROGRESS

“ And her infidious converse ; else despair

“ And pain shall be thy portion. Haste away,

“ And I will fill thee with delight.” “ Away!”

Sternly replied the pensive Power, “ nor tell

“ Of pleasures and delight ! fruitless delight !

“ Pleasures that leave a sting.” The Boy abash’d

Withdrew reluctant, and his scattered flowers

Withered before me. Then with easy grace,

With dignity, and with a smile, the maid

Addressed me wavering : “ Think not to receive

“ Real enjoyment in the light pursuits,

“ And blandishment of pleasure. In her vales

“ And flowery arbours, and enchanting groves,

“ Vipers and serpents lye unseen to sting

“ The unwary traveller ; and in the bowers

“ That garnish her deceitful mansion hang

“ Fruits swelled with poison ; lovely they appear,

“ Yet they will fill thee with disease, and pain,

“ And

OF MELANCHOLY. 107

- “ And forrow, and remorse. Nor idly climb  
“ The ascent of vain Ambition ; tho’ her towers  
“ Shine with illustrious glory, they contain  
“ Demons and fiends to scourge thy soul, and oft  
“ They hurl the hapless victim of their power  
“ Down to the gulph of Infamy, to rue  
“ In anguish and contrition, all the days  
“ He wasted in pursuit of fame. With me  
“ And Solitude retiring, thou shalt gain  
“ Immunity from all the various ills  
“ Attendant on the social state. No guile,  
“ No flandering malice shall destroy thy peace:  
“ But thou shalt taste unspeakable delight,  
“ And independent, suited to the state  
“ Of man, a wandering passenger below.”

More than her melting eloquence her air  
So languishing and tender, and her grace,  
And mildness of demeanor, and her eye

Swim-



108 THE PROGRESS

Swimming in tears, subdued me. O what high  
 Ineffable enjoyment seized my soul,  
 Soon as I entered that obscure recess,  
 Lonely and devious! Ravishment divine!  
 Like that of NUMA, when by TYBER's stream,  
 Secluded from the public view, he rang'd  
 The woodlands with EGERIA, and his mind  
 Stored with immortal wisdom. Cliffs abrupt  
 And shelving rocks incumbent o'er the glade,  
 On either side rose awful; and below  
 Deep woods extended their dark umbrage, far  
 Into the valley. Pines, and mournful yews,  
 And weeping willows, poplars to the breeze  
 Waving their foliage, and the cypress, grew  
 Spontaneous in that lone retreat. The streams  
 And fountains issuing from the caverned rocks,  
 Flowed in meanders murmuring thro' the vale.  
 At intervals the widowed dove bewail'd

Her

OF MELANCHOLY. 109

Her mate untimely slain. And, tuneful, oft  
Amid the twilight of the grove was heard  
The tale of TEREUS, and the unequalled wrongs  
Of PHILOMELA. How the solemn gloom  
My soul o'ershadowed! as by gliding streams,  
By darksome grottos, underneath the brow  
Of ivy'd cliffs, thro' many a winding path,  
Many a low valley and forsaken lawn  
I strayed with my conductor: she the while  
Ravished my heart, reciting various tales  
Of human suffering, and with plenteous tears  
Mourning the fate of Virtue, oft compell'd  
To bend beneath oppression, and endure  
Penury, scorn, and insolent rebuke.  
O how her eloquence with rapture fill'd  
My bosom, as her tuneful tongue deplor'd  
The fleeting nature of terrestrial bliss.  
Often she paused, and sighing sore, resum'd

Her

110 THE PROGRESS

Her lamentable strain, repeating oft,

“ Ah me! how vain the promises of joy!

“ How vain the visions of deceitful hope!

“ Fair smiles the valley in the eye of morn,

“ With dewy blossoms, and with vernal airs,

“ But soon the unexpected tempest lours,

“ And blasts the beauties of the transient scene.”

Onward we journeyed, and behold the vale  
With deeper horror frowned; the savage rocks  
More savage seemed; the mazy streams, erewhile  
So pleasing, flowed more slowly, and were stain'd  
With a funeral dye, and murmured hoarse  
And horrible. Even my conductor seem'd  
Less lovely and engaging, for her hue,  
Erewhile so rosy, left her; in its stead  
Paleness suffused her features; and her eye  
Grew heavy, unenlivened with those mild  
And sweet expressions that enticed my heart.

Oft



## OF MELANCHOLY. III

Oft from the adjacent groves wailings were heard  
And lamentations. Imprecations dire,  
At times, appalled me. Orphans reft of hope  
Wailed with the widow, and with plenteous tears  
Bedewed the urns and afhes of the dead.  
From many a glade iffued the woeful plaint  
Of lovers, racked with unabating pangs,  
Pierced with the ingratitude and bitter fcorn  
Of thofe they worfhipped. Many a voice bewail'd  
The changes of affection, and the fmile  
Of counterfeited friendship. Others griev'd,  
Galled with the fhafts of flander, and the wounds  
Inflicted by the fecret hand of guile  
Prompted by malice. Bards, who had aspir'd  
To gain the applaufes of APOLLO, mourn'd  
Their fruitless labour, and their laurels torn  
By envy, by unmerited neglect  
And censure blighted. Many a voice deplor'd

The

## 112 THE PROGRESS

The fall of public virtue, the decay  
Of freedom and fair honour, and that craft  
And foul ambition gathered the reward  
Due to the Patriot. Frequent I beheld,  
Graved on the adjacent rocks, inscriptions, urns,  
Devices of sad import, and the tales  
Of those that travelled thro' the dale grown wild,  
Gloomy, and rugged, rest of every joy.

My soul was smitten ; when a human form,  
Meagre, and gaunt, and squalid, from a cave  
Fast by, accosted me. Of middle age  
He seemed, and proffered me a cup. I knew  
The beverage baneful, yet with reckless mind,  
By cruel forceries compelled, I quaff'd,  
Too plenteously I quaff'd the invenomed draught,  
Brewed by Solicitude of bitter drugs,  
And fell infernal mixtures. He, the brood  
Of Melancholy, in that dreary cave

## OF MELANCHOLY. 113

Begotten, fatherless, with rites abhorr'd,  
And muttered incantations, ay contrives  
The ruin of the unhappy travellers, lur'd  
To tread the mazes of that dire retreat.  
Bending on me his haggard eye, with frowns  
And sharp rebuke reproving me, " Behold  
" What you have forfeited," he cried, " and lost."  
Then with a rod instinct with magic power,  
He smote the adamantine rocks; and lo,  
Parting, they shew'd me on the other side,  
A lovely landscape, an extensive plain  
Watered with lucid streams, adorned with woods  
And lawns and meadows. A delicious gale  
Breathed odours, gathered from the fruits and  
flowers  
Of that ARCADIAN scene. And soon appeared  
Shepherds and nymphs, to minstrelsy of pipes  
Dancing in antic measures. How I long'd

H

To



## 114 THE PROGRESS

To share their merriment ; alas, in vain !  
 The fell magician smote the rocks ; they clos'd,  
 And barred my passage. As an exile, left  
 Alone on some deserted shore, expos'd  
 To famine and the rage of savage beasts,  
 Viewing afar the lessening sails of those  
 That left him, smites his bosom, and deplores  
 His direful destiny ; so in that wild  
 And weary wilderness forlorn I wept.  
 Darkness descended terrible, and lo,  
 A threatening shape, armed with a cruel scourge,  
 Accompanied with many a demon dire,  
 Pursued me. It was FEAR, of Fancy born  
 To fell Solitude. For Fancy oft  
 Leaves her ELYSIAN mansions, and her smiles  
 And gay attire, and in the dreary waste,  
 Pensive arrayed in a funeral pall,  
 With Melancholy muses. Her the fiend,

OF MELANCHOLY. 115

Amid the gloom of a TARTARIAN grove,  
Ravished with brutal violence, and impregn'd  
With Fear and those mishapen spectres ay  
Prompting his rage, and to his dire behests  
Obsequious. Me he menaced and assail'd :  
I ran and wept ; he followed, and with yells  
Appalled me. O what miseries I endur'd  
In rugged paths forlorn ; athwart the gloom  
Demons and ghastly visages uncouth  
Glared horrible. Thick voices indistinct,  
Behind me, terrified my fainting soul ;  
And oft, swift shooting thro' the deepening shades,  
The livid lightening gleamed and often scath'd  
And cleft the groaning forest. Still I urg'd  
My miserable flight, till I attain'd  
An awful precipice abrupt. O there  
By furious fiends thro' various paths pursu'd  
What wretches were assembled ! Loud lament,

## 116 THE PROGRESS

And wailing and fierce frantic screams arose  
 Horrid around me, and beside me, lo,  
 Pale MELANCHOLY. "Down ye plaintive crew."  
 Imperious with a hollow voice she cry'd:  
 "Down to the regions of Despair." They yell'd  
 And headlong plunged into the dark abyfs.

What horror feized me trembling on the verge  
 Of that tremendous precipice! — a while  
 Irresolute I stood: Fear urged behind  
 With his infernal furies; and the fiend  
 Solitude, and Melancholy, now  
 A loathsome hag. O Heaven! I cry'd. A flood  
 Around me blazed of unexpected day.  
 The spectres vanished. From an opening cloud  
 A radiant form, as of a seraph, girt  
 With robes effulgent, down the bending fky  
 Came gliding. Soon my bosom recogniz'd  
 The majesty of WISDOM, tempered sweet



OF MELANCHOLY 117

With condescending mildness. With a voice  
Full of subduing melody, benign  
And awful, he addressed me. "Haste thee hence.  
"Leave the retreats of Solitude: forego  
"The fellowship and wizard-arts of her  
"That late enticed thee, and betrayed thy soul  
"To Sorrow, urging thee to wild Despair.  
"Know, to Despair, magician dire, is given  
"Leave, for a time, to fend his engines vile,  
"His crafty emissaries, to assail  
"Mankind by violence, or by guile to prove  
"Their manhood, and reliance in the Power  
"That rules the universe. Leave the abyss  
"Of sorrow, and unfathomable woe.  
"Seek the pursuits of social life: engage  
"In action: nor with overweening care  
"Anxious anticipate events. To Heaven  
"Leave every issue. Act as it becomes

## 118 THE PROGRESS

" A reasonable, active being, form'd  
 " By a beneficent, omniscient Power  
 " Supreme in the creation. To conduct  
 " Thy steps from this inhospitable wild,  
 " To guide thee to the vale of Peace, to shed  
 " Flowers on thy passage, and to lift thy soul  
 " With glad presages, smiling in the prime  
 " Of lovely youth, HOPE on celestial wings  
 " Salutes thee. Be of comfort."—I awoke.

The vision vanished. In the eastern sky,  
 Arrayed with radiance, in his golden car,  
 PHOEBUS appeared. Rayless and pale, the moon  
 Sunk waning in the west. The hovering mists  
 Involved the mountains in their fleecy skirts.  
 The tuneful nightingale her mournful tale  
 Ceased: in her stead the merry lark arose,  
 And hailed the morning. Underneath, the vale  
 So lovely with her cultivated fields,

Her

OF MELANCHOLY. 119

Her azure rivers, and her vocal groves,  
Her humble cottages, her lowing herds,  
Her shepherds piping, while their chearful flocks  
The dewy upland browzed, my soul inspir'd  
With peace, and gratitude, and soft delight.



OF MELANCHOLY.

Of the nature of this disease, and the  
its various symptoms, and the best  
the physician should be acquainted with.  
The symptoms of this disease, which  
it is necessary to know, and the  
with grace and vigilance, and the

R U R A L  
T A L E S.





# RURAL TALES.

---

## R O W E N A.

**W**H Y, lovely daughter of the vale, descend  
Thy tears fast-trickling? To the desert-  
gale

Flow thy dishevelled tresses? On thy cheek  
Fades the young rose with pining grief. Dispel  
Thy rising fears, nor wildly-gazing turn  
Incessant to the vacant shapeless air  
Thine eye disordered. "See that pallid form!"  
Answered the maid, "beckoning on me with  
frowns

"And fierce demeanor! see that bosom gor'd  
"With welling wounds!—On me, ill-fated youth,  
"Bend not severe thy stern accusing eye;  
"For I am guiltless of thy blood. This breast

"Was

124 RURAL TALES.

“ Was ever faithful to my plighted vow :  
“ Witnefs the fighing of my broken heart !  
“ Witnefs the wailing of my fleeplefs nights !  
“ Witnefs my days of anguifh ! and my tears  
“ Shed hourly on thy grave.—Fair as yon afh  
“ Waving its foliage to the mountain’s breeze  
“ Was EDWIN, gentle as the gale of fpring ;  
“ But if enraged, wild as the roaring deep  
“ Chafed by the tempeft. Me the lucklefs youth  
“ Preferred, and pleafing to mine artlefs ear  
“ Breathed the foft language of his foul. My faith  
“ Was early plighted, and my conftant heart  
“ Preferved the impreffion of his peerlefs form  
“ Indelible. But in ill-omened hour  
“ Came EDRED ; fkill’d in guileful arts, he fmil’d  
“ On every maid, and whifper’d ftudied tales  
“ To the believing virgins. Me he ftrove  
“ Infidious to feducer, but ftrove in vain.

“ Yet

RURAL TALES. 125

- “ Yet not unpleasing to mine ear his speech  
“ Devised with cunning, and with courtly phrase  
“ Embellished. Oft my blushes mixt with smiles  
“ Betrayed my flattered vanity, and fed  
“ His lawless hope. EDWIN perceived! his soul  
“ Stung with repentment, and with jealous rage  
“ Impassioned, flamed a fierce devouring fire.  
“ He challenged EDRED to the field: they fought  
“ Beside yon brawling rivulet, and their gore  
“ Defiled the lucid stream. By mutual wounds  
“ Both fell, and dying 'gainst ROWENA pour'd  
“ Dire imprecations. Sure the holy saints  
“ Their curses ratified; for since that day  
“ No ray of peace hath visited my soul.  
“ By horror haunted, restless and dismay'd,  
“ Hourly I tremble, hourly I decay.  
“ Sorrow consumes me! Soon this weary heart  
“ Shall cease from sighs and anguish in the dust.”

THE



THE  
FATE OF AVARICE.

BESIDE that glade behold a shapeless mound  
O'ergrown and shagged with noisome weeds  
and shrubs

Of poisonous quality. A fir-tree scath'd  
By the blue lightening spreads her withered arms  
Across. Our herds and bleating flocks afar  
View it askance. For know, no living thing  
Its tangling brakes approacheth, save the bat  
Flitting nocturnal, or the ill-omened owl,  
Or noxious reptiles; save at midnight hour  
That yells and howlings issuing forth appall  
The wandering shepherd, while athwart the shade  
Fierce fiery visages with gesture strange  
Gleam terrible. An impious corse interred

Beneath

## RURAL TALES. 127

Beneath the unhallowed heap, vitiates the growth  
 Of flowers and tender herbs, tainting the dews  
 And fostering juices, or with noxious steams  
 Infecting the sweet air. The fordid wretch  
 In hoarded wealth abounding ne'er unbarr'd  
 His portal to the stranger, ne'er attir'd  
 The naked, nor the hungry orphan fed :  
 The needy never shared of his abundance ;  
 Nor blest his ripening harvests. Holy Heaven  
 Regarded him with pity, and with-held  
 Due punishment till his relentless arm  
 Opprest the weeping widow, and condemn'd  
 Her age to misery and pinching want.  
 Then the red arm of vengeance lanced the bolt  
 Unerring. His unrighteous wealth, amass'd  
 By rapine, perished : his devoted barns  
 Flamed with avenging fire : infuriate fiends  
 Possess'd his bosom : maddening he forsook

The

128 RURAL TALES.

The abodes of men, and to the midnight shades  
Howled dolorous. At length where yonder heap  
Arifeth, his blaspheming spirit burst  
Her tenement, and left an odious carcase.

---

THE NAIAD.

YOU ask the cause, LAVINIA, why the nymph  
Of this meandering stream, the southern vale  
Neglecting, heedless of the enamelled lawns  
And meadows, northward through the lurid heath  
Pursues her solitary way? Then list  
A tale full oft by shepherd swains rehears'd  
On days of festival. In antient times,  
ALTANABRECK this lovely NAIAD woo'd  
In THETIS bower, a sea-nymph sweet of voice

And



## RURAL TALES. 129

And musical of utterance. Feats atchiev'd  
 By heroes, and exploits of bold emprise  
 The NEREID sung melodious; and for this  
 The Goddess of the coral grove bestow'd  
 A silver urn, by VULCAN's cunning skill  
 Engraved with mystic figures, and with streams  
 Amply replenished. Due obeisance paid,  
 The nymph departed and commenced her sway.  
 Pleased with the verdure of our southern vale,  
 "Here," said the virgin, "shall my limpid stream  
 Flow garrulous through groves and echoing  
     glades;  
 "Anon through verdant meadows, to the flowers  
 "Imparting moisture, to the shepherd swains  
 "Warbling wild melody."—The nymph was fair  
 And blooming: and her artless beauty won  
 The heart of PHOEBUS. "Yield thee, gentle  
     nymph,

I

"Nor

130 RURAL TALES.

"Nor scorn the love of PHOEBUS," (thus the God  
His prayer address) and on thy margin green

"With genial influence shall my beams descend

"Fruitful of flowers and herbage. Thee the swains

"Shall celebrate, the sweetly-dittied song

"Myself inspiring." But in vain the God

His amorous suit preferred; disdainful speech

And scorn his sole requital. Then in wrath,

"Depart," he cried, "perverse and prideful  
nymph!

"Nor shall thy pride avail thee: northward bend

"Thy sullen course, nor meet my fervid ray

"Unless to prove my vengeance, and deplore

"Thy tiny urn exhausted. More to quell

"Thy froward spirit, be thy name uncouth

"And stubborn like thy nature, all unmeet

"To flow melodious in poetic rhyme."

The NAIAD heard indignant, nor replied;

Nor

## RURAL TALES. 131

Not of her choice repenting, northward turn'd  
Her tuneful current. Pensive on her urn  
Reclining her the Goddess of the bow,  
DIAN accompanied with quivered nymphs  
Hailed, and with gentle greeting thus consol'd:  
" Hail, honoured virgin! by thy trial prov'd  
" Deserving. When thy watry charge allows,  
" Or due attendance in the coral bower  
" Of silver-slippered THETIS, 'mid the rocks,  
" And woody dales, and upland lawns, with me  
" Pursue the rapid deer. Dreary the waste  
" Lav'd by thy lucid stream: nor yet repine:  
" On thy green margin shall my DRYAD nymphs  
" Raise bloomy shrubs, impregnating the gale  
" With fragrance, and with interwoven boughs  
" Veiling thy current from intrusive beams.  
" Unmusical thy name—such the decree  
" Of stern APOLLO—yet thy winding streams



132 RURAL TALES.

“ Flow musical!—how sweet their warbling din

“ Heard by the shepherd hastening from the hill

“ At noontide to allay his thirst! For this,

“ On festal days assembling, grateful swains,

“ Breathing the wildly-dittied song, shall hymn

“ Thy name with PALES and protecting PAN.”

E L E G Y  
ON THE  
DEATH OF A LADY.

WRITTEN AT  
ST. PETERSBURGH,  
M.DCC.LXXI.





E L E G Y  
ON THE  
DEATH OF A LADY.

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus  
Tam cari capitis?

Cui Pudor et Justitiae foror  
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
Quando ullam inveniet parem!     HOR.

'TIS the delusion of some hideous dream!  
Some horrid fantasy that haunts my soul

With images of woe.—O that it were

A transient fantasy! too well my heart

Feels her misfortune, feels the dreadful truth

That LUCIA moulders in an early grave.

O ye that honour virtue, that esteem

Nobility of soul, the generous heart,

136 ELEGIAC VERSES.

The bosom moved by pity to assuage  
The pangs of sorrow, and dispel the fears  
Of want and pale despondency, lament!

She who was ever gentle and benign,  
The friend of sorrow, moulders in the dust.

O ye that tread the Muses flowery path,  
Here scatter garlands, scatter roses here :  
This meed she merits, for she loved the Muse,  
And could distinguish with discerning taste,  
The various beauties of immortal song.

Lament ye Muses, mourn ye generous arts,  
Ye that ennoble and refine the soul,  
Your candid friend, your patroness, lament!

O ye untainted by contagious vice,  
Ye who have feelings to discern the grace  
Of true religion, your congenial souls,  
Melting in tender sympathy, will grieve,  
Grieve for yourselves, and that a downward age,

To

ELEGIAC VERSES. 137

To folly and malignant error prone,  
Hath lost a pattern of surpassing worth.  
Unblemished innocence! ingenuous truth!  
Religion pure, and rational, and mild!  
Engaging manners! charity! and all  
The affections that embellish and exalt  
The human heart, ah whither will ye fly  
For refuge from a persecuting world!  
For LUCIA sleeps untimely in the dust.

O ye supreme in sorrow, who deplore  
A wife! a parent! O forgive the Muse  
Who thus intrudes on your becoming woe,  
Mingling with yours her genuine tear, the tear  
That flows from gratitude, the tribute due  
To peerless merit. Could the Muse impart  
A ray of consolation! — fruitless wish!  
Lo, other comforters! the cherub-choir  
That calm'd her parting moments, Patience crown'd

With



138 ELEGIAC VERSES.

With an immortal garland, smiling Hope,  
And meek-eyed Resignation, heavenly forms,  
That soothed her struggling soul, and bade her fear  
No danger in the dark and trying hour  
Of dissolution. See! on you they bend  
Their gracious aspect: and with them behold  
The disembodied spirit, now a pure  
Angelic nature. O to these resign  
The empire of your souls, for they have power,  
Not to remove, but to alleviate woe,  
To soften and improve the tender pang,  
And so restore you to the path of peace.

MISCELLANEOUS  
VERSES.

ALASKA DAILY

THE ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

ALASKA DAILY

MISCELLANEOUS

V E R S E S



MISCELLANEOUS  
VERSES.

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A  
PROLOGUE  
ON THE  
OPENING OF AN ENGLISH THEATRE  
AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

WITHOUT the aid of ornament or art,  
To speak the language of a grateful heart,  
I come respectful. Little known to fame,  
Through stormy seas to distant shores we came;  
And to us BRITONS, in a foreign land,  
BRITONS held forth the kind protecting hand.  
Friendless we came; but every BRITISH heart  
In all our interests took a friendly part;

Ye

142 MISCELLANEOUS

Ye cheered our hopes, dispelled our anxious fear,  
And made our welfare your peculiar care.  
Fair fame attend you! O may due success  
Reward your merit, and your labours bless!  
Kind as ye are, and generous, may ye still  
Enjoy the power, as ye possess the will!  
Peace be your portion! from your dwellings far  
Be banished Sorrow and corroding Care!

The rulers of this land beheld with joy  
How BRITISH hearts on BRITISH hearts rely,  
How ALBION's sons, incapable of change,  
Through no variety of friendships range,  
Kind without interest, with affection true,  
Generous and constant where their faith is due.

The rulers of this land whose hosts defy'd  
The rage of infidels, and quelled their pride,  
Made KAHUL's streams with slaughtered foes run red,  
Heaped BENDER's walls with thousands of the dead,  
Undaunted

Undaunted in the gallant strife of arms,  
 Even to BYZANTIUM carried dire alarms,  
 Tinged the AEGAEN wave with OTTOMAN gore,  
 And shook with terror ASIA's distant shore ;  
 They saw your goodness, felt it, and were mov'd  
 To emulate the worth their souls approv'd ;  
 This generous sympathy their favour drew ;  
 Us they applauded, but they honoured you.

With goodness in extreme, even from the throne  
 The radiance of the imperial bounty shone,  
 Beamed glory round us, raised us from the ground,  
 And bade us bloom, and bade our fruits abound.  
 Far through the nations may that radiance shine  
 Supremely bright, beneficent, benign,  
 To foster Merit, from the haunts of men  
 To banish Discord and her ghastly train ;  
 Envy shall pine and sicken at the sight,  
 And TURKISH crescents mingle with the night.



ON THE  
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

AH shepherds! what a lamentable change!  
Behold that cheek, where youth and beauty  
bloom'd,

Lifeless and pale! Extinguished now the beam  
That shone erewhile in her expressive eye,  
An image of her soul, serene, and soft,  
And lovely, and subduing! ah! no more  
Warbles the music of her tuneful voice.  
Silent she lies, regardless of our woe!  
Wake, lovely maid!—But she can ne'er awake!  
For who can burst the fetters of the grave?

O she was lovely and beloved: her smile  
Gave rapture to the soul. When she adorn'd  
The festive dance, no other pastime stay'd

The

The nymphs and shepherds : from the hills they  
came,

Beheld her and admir'd. So, and 'tis sung  
On days of festival by rural bards,  
When kind enlivening suns with genial warmth  
Impregnating the glebe, call forth the Rose,  
Through groves and glades the joyful tidings run,  
And in full haste the SILVANS and the FAUNS,  
Assembling round from dells and dripping caves;  
Bless the fair plant, and hail her Queen of Flowers.

OREADS and DRYADS, every silvan power  
Worshipped in grove and valley, whither stray'd  
Your wandering footsteps at this awful hour?  
Could not your heavenly charms, your tuneful voice,  
Have soothed the rage of rueful fate, and stay'd  
The lethal blow? Ah me! if heavenly charms,  
If softest melody could soothe the rage  
Of rueful fate, our PHOEBE had not died.

K

Ah

146 MISCELLANEOUS

Ah what avails it that subduing grace  
 Fashioned her lovely form? Of what avail  
 That she was gentle? Can the ingenuous breast,  
 The soul of truth unblemished and serene,  
 The blush of modesty, the tender heart,  
 Can they repel the ruthless arm of death?  
 Flow, flow, ye tears! inhuman death regards  
 Nor youth, nor beauty. Like a treacherous frost  
 That spreads at even his cold hand on a bank  
 Of fragrant flowers, and soon the vivid tints  
 Languish, and fade, and mingle with the dust,  
 Death stole upon her, and by slow degrees  
 Wasted her opening prime, and long delay'd,  
 As if in pity, long delayed the blow;  
 At length he smote—and plunged us in despair.

ON



ON THE  
DEATH  
OF THE  
EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF  
SUTHERLAND.

WRITTEN, M.DCC.LXVI.

TWO trees, the glory of the forest, grew  
Beauteous with interwoven boughs. The morn  
Rose smiling, clad in vermil blooms : her dew  
Spangled their waving foliage, and her gales  
Around them breathed perfume. The silvan swains  
Beheld them and admired ; and to the hills  
And vales, in sweetly-dittied song, proclaim'd

148 MISCELLANEOUS

Their praise unbidden : while the gentle nymphs  
 Gathering the blossoms of returning spring,  
 And hung their chaplets on the leafy boughs.  
 But ere HYPERION on his noon-tide throne  
 Exalted in the midst of heaven, display'd  
 Meridian majesty, a tempest rose,  
 A fore distressing tempest, and o'erwhelm'd  
 The goodly pair.—Witness, ye doleful groves,  
 Ye rocks, ye murmuring streamlets, how the vale  
 Was filled with sorrow. Then the woodland nymphs  
 Tore their fair tresses, beat their snowy breasts,  
 And wept and mourned. No more the shepherd-boy  
 Tended his milk-white younglings, and his pipe  
 Poured the sad wailing of heart-rending grief.—

Forgive, bright shades! the mournful swain who  
 brings

This tribute to your tomb. Who would not grieve  
 When Merit in the blooming prime of life,

Adorned

Adorned with high nobility, is swept  
Into the clay-cold grave! O chief for thee,  
Fair Lady! pattern of connubial love,  
The muse laments. For thee the Virtues weave  
A wreath immortal; and thy peerless praise  
Shall be preserved by CALEDONIA's dames.



VERSES TO A LADY,  
WITH THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

FAIR LADY! this affecting lay peruse,  
The genuine offspring of the DORIC Muse:  
The Muse erewhile on CALEDONIA's plains  
That charmed the forests with mellifluent strains;  
Copious and clear where LEVEN glides along,  
Where TWEDA listens to the shepherds song,  
Where SPEY impetuous pours his rapid tide,  
Or in the valley of commercial CLYDE,  
By winding FORTH, or by the silver TAY,  
Warbling she welcomed the return of MAY.  
Cold now the hands, extinct the heavenly fire  
That waked to ecstacy the living lyre;

VERSES.

151

No more the energy of song pervades  
Our silent valleys, and forsaken glades;  
No more the green hill and the deepening grove  
Resound the longing, languid voice of love:  
For HAMILTON the Loves and Graces mourn;  
And tuneful Muses weep at RAMSAY's urn.

THE  
NOBLE HERMIT.

## A FRAGMENT.

The author designed a dramatic poem on the subject of Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S *ARMINE* and *ELVIRA*, but want of leisure prevented his executing any more of it than the following introductory scene.

**H**AIL, lovely Morn! hail, thou reviving beam  
That gilds the orient, chasing to the west  
The damps and shadows in the rear of night!  
Hail, blooming fields! ye vernal groves, array'd  
With beauty, where a thousand feathered songsters  
Mingle their melodies, I greet you well.  
Ye murmuring brooks, ye rivulets, and ye rocks  
Incumbent o'er this solitary vale,

My



My grateful salutation ye deserve;  
For ye have granted me benign composure,  
Sweet peace of mind, and freedom from the goad  
Of tyrannizing passion. Precious gifts!  
To him that estimates their worth aright,  
More valuable far than wealth or grandeur,  
In vain amid the din and pomp of war,  
'Mid clanging armour, burnished helms and spears,  
And prancing steeds caparisoned, and all  
The dread array of marshalled hosts, in vain  
I fought to find them. Calm Contentment flies  
To shades and solitude. I ne'er beheld  
Her placid eye amid the glare of courts,  
The lofty palace, the stupendous dome,  
The fretted roof, the sculptured pillar hewn  
With rare device of masonry, the hall  
With minstrelsy resounding, and the feast,  
What are they? The resort of Quiet? No!

Of

154 MISCELLANEOUS

Of Envy rather, and of bitter Rancour.

Calm Quiet have I found thee!—Yet one care

Alarms my bosom like a sullen cloud

Flying athwart the vernal sky. My ARMINE,

The prop of my declining age, the solace

And treasure of my soul, brooks not a life

Of lone retirement and inglorious ease.

Eager he pants for arms, and to distinguish

His name by feats of hardihood, He errs.

For glory is not aye the meed of valour,

But oft the recompence of glozing cowards,

While injured Merit eats the bread of care.

But I must medicine this his fond conceit,

And that right skilfully; for if he knew

The fame of his high ancestry, derived

From ODIN, and the purple tide that flows

Impetuous in his veins, transmitted pure

Through a long line of heroes, and that I,

Beneath

Beneath the banner of the holy Cross,  
 Fought not inglorious, when bold GODFREY led  
 The flower of EUROPE to JERUSALEM,  
 Not all the wisdom of the cloistered sage,  
 Nor all the reverence that he bears his father,  
 Cold rein his fiery soul, \* \* \*

T H E E N D.



21 DE 59

ADDITIONAL

P O E M S.

L



ADD. MS. 10.1.1

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## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

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### E P I T A P H ON A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Who was unfortunately drowned in the river  
Clyde, above Glasgow, 1762.

**H**ERE DAPHNIS lies, to sudden death a prey,  
Reft in the morning of his life away.  
Gay without folly, serious not severe,  
In feeling exquisite, in judging clear,  
His soul flew hence, for mortals too refin'd,  
And gain'd, in heaven, associates of his kind.

### H Y M N T O I N D U S T R Y.

**S**WEET-smiling INDUSTRY! we sing  
Thy welcome. With returning spring,  
Daughter of Wisdom, blythe and free,  
We lift the tuneful voice to thee.

160      ADDITIONAL

Inventive Power! to thee we owe  
 The rural arts, the furrowing plow,  
 The vineyard, and the cultur'd field,  
 The happiness our harvests yield,  
 The reaper's song, th' autumnal feast,  
 With health and temperance duly blest.  
 From thee we have the kindly roof,  
 When winter rages, tempest proof;  
 The chearful board, the blazing hearth,  
 And rural hospitable mirth.

Inventive Power, to thee we owe  
 The swelling sail, the ventrous prow,  
 That boldly stems th' impetuous tides,  
 And o'er the billowy ocean rides.  
 O be thy praise for ever sung!  
 From thee bold Independence sprung.  
 Aspiring high thy spirit broke  
 The bondage of the feudal yoke:

Bade man his native powers exert,  
His high prerogative assert,  
And scorn and reprobate the lore  
That justifies despotic power.  
The Gothic Lords beheld with pain,  
Thy navies bounding o'er the main,  
With pain thy thriving cities saw,  
And progress of thy equal law,  
Nor dar'd thy influence oppose,  
For bright thy radiant star arose:  
And Independence came confest  
Redoubted champion of the west.

Inventive Power, to thee we owe  
The rural arts, the ventrous prow:  
O be thy praise for ever sung!  
From thee bold Independence sprung.



ADDITIONAL  
ABSENCE.  
A N O D E.

Written some years ago.

How clear the sky! how soft the gale  
Breathing along the dewy vale!  
For lo! the wintry winds are fled.  
No more the stream at random strays,  
But in his native channel plays:  
And flowers enamel all the mead.

Even furious storms subside: but you  
The plaintive measure still renew,  
Of Helia's absence still complain.  
Cease, tuneful Boy! nor feed your woe;  
For absence may a cure bestow,  
When sighs and tears and vows are vain.  
Nay, heaven forbid your gentle heart  
Should with the generous passion part,

Should cease to love and to admire.

The muse more liberal maxims knows :

And if she promises repose

'Tis by fulfilling your desire.

If e'er your melting suit inclin'd

Her fearful amiable mind,

Absence will wake the latent flames :

More than your soft persuasive tales,

Absence with magic power prevails,

And all her timid wildness tames.

Believe the muse: even now she glows,

Feels and commiserates your woes :

Her coyness gentle Love disarms.

Surprize her with your eager haste;

Go clasp her to your faithful breast;

Possess her virtues and her charms.

ADDITIONAL  
THE MARRIAGE OF EVAL.  
A N O D E.

First published in the Mirror.

I.

Loud from Jura's rocky shore  
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—  
Sudden from the bridal feast,  
With impetuous ire possess'd,  
Fury flashing in their eyes,  
Kinsmen against kinsmen rise:  
And, issuing to the fatal field,  
Bend the bow, the falchion wield,—  
From her eyrie, with dismay,  
The tow'ring eagle soars away.  
The wild-deer from their close retreat  
Start with terror and amaze,  
Down on the furious conflict gaze,  
Then to deep forests bend their nimble feet.



## II.

Ah! that reckless speech should fire  
Kinsmen with inhuman ire!—  
Goaded by vindictive rage  
Lo! the martial clans engage:  
Now the feather'd arrows sing:  
Now the bossy targets ring.  
With rav'ning swords the sudden foes  
Now in fierce encounter close.  
Lo! the blade terrific gleams:  
And now the purple torrent streams:  
The torrent streams from Eval's side,  
    Tinging with his flowing gore  
    The white foam on the sea-beat shore.—  
Ah! who will succour his afflicted bride?

## III.

Lo! she flies with headlong speed:  
“Bloody, bloody was the dead!”

Wild, with piteous wail, she cries,

Tresses torn and streaming eyes:

“ Lift, O gently lift his head:

“ Lay him on the bridal bed,

“ My kinsmen---cruel kinsmen ye!

“ These your kindest deeds to me!—

“ Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,

“ The willing bride and bridegroom there

“ Will tarry; will for ever dwell.—

“ Now inhuman man depart;

“ Go; triumph in my broken heart!”

She said, she sigh’d, a breathless corpse she fell.

T O A L A D Y,  
O N H E R B I R T H - D A Y .

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

L A D Y, accept the votive lay,

That gratulates thy natal day.

I ask no Heliconian maid,  
I ask not even Apollo's aid,  
To garnish with poetic art,  
The language of an ardent heart.  
I bend at truth's unblemish'd shrine,  
And not before the flatt'ring nine.  
Lady, accept the faithful lay,  
That gratulates thy natal day.

How blythe th' exulting shepherds sing  
And celebrate returning spring,  
Whose ministers, a smiling band  
Of Loves and Graces, hand in hand,  
Pervade the fields, pervade the sky,  
Diffusing health, and peace, and joy!—  
And shall not I attune the lay,  
And celebrate thy natal day?  
And shall not I of Lelia sing  
If shepherds hail returning spring?



May heav'n that made thee wise and fair,  
Preserve thee with peculiar care !  
But, should dark clouds of grief arise,  
For griefs assail the fair and wise,  
May beams of consolation come,  
Streaming athwart th' incumbent gloom,  
And thy enlighten'd mind possess,  
With visions of returning peace.  
Yes, heav'n that made thee wise and fair,  
Shall guard thee with peculiar care.

## T H E I N D I A N S,

## A N O D E.

Occasioned by reading an account of the barbarity  
perpetrated by the Spaniards in America.

Y<sup>e</sup> Natives of the Western Wild,  
Where Nature with indulgence smil'd,

By Oroonoko's rapid streams,  
Or where the Orellano gleams  
Far seen, from Andes lofty brow,  
In many a wilderness below;  
Or ye who pac'd the Cuban shores,  
And where the chaff'd Atlantic roars  
Mid Carribaean isles, to you  
I give my tears: a tribute due,  
Due for your griefs—and the disgrace  
Incurr'd by our rapacious race.

Blameless beneath Elyfian climes,  
Remote from Europe, and her crimes,  
Peaceful ye liv'd; till from afar,  
The minister of impious war,  
By av'rice prompted, fswoln with pride  
Th' Iberian plow'd the western tide.

Ah me! what prodigies foretold  
A period to your age of gold!

What awful indications rose  
Prophetic of approaching woes !  
Fearful ye saw the mountain quake,  
Saw the foreboding islands shake,  
Pale inauspicious suns arise,  
Direful eclipses veil your skies,  
Your skies exhibit fields of blood,  
While voices from the roaring flood,  
With rumours, signs, and visions drear,  
Warn'd you of desolation near.

No more beneath the citron grove  
Warbling the melodies of love,  
Will ye, in blameless pastime gay,  
Enjoy your inoffensive day.  
The fable hours are on the wing;  
Soon will your valleys cease to sing;  
Soon will the voice of weeping rise;  
And imprecation rend the skies,



The spoilers come! will ye receive  
Them kindly? and their need relieve?—

Ah me! in other guise will they

Your hospitable aid repay.

O foul of manners! foul of heart!

Ne'er will th' inhuman crew depart,

Ne'er, till they spoil the peaceful shade;

Bare, unprovok'd, the deadly blade;

With carnage heap the reeking shore;

And steep their hands in Indian gore.—

No! never can repenting Spain

Palliate her crime, efface the stain

Contracted by the blood she spilt,

Or expiate her enormous guilt.

Nor yet invidious will the Muse

The guardian of renown refuse

Purchas'd by merit; but with joy

Would every tuneful note employ

One Spaniard to redeem, and name  
LAS CASAS genuine heir of fame.  
Full many a faintly tear he shed,  
While the poor captive Indian bled,  
Anxious to save the placid race  
And shield Iberia from disgrace,  
He strove, with many a gentle art  
To mitigate the rigid heart—  
Alas! th' insatiate love of gain  
Had fear'd the rigid heart of Spain.—

THE  
INDIANS.

A T A L E.

N





## THE INDIANS.

### A TALE.

MARANO amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety. And her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

“When will he return!” she said, “my beloved  
“Oneyo! The husband of my affections! How I  
“long to behold him! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore; restore him to his  
“friends, restore him to my tender embrace. O  
“when shall I behold him? When will the swift  
“canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the  
“hero to his gladsome isle! Yes, thou happy Isle!  
“Thy rocks, thy resounding glades and thy forests  
“shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village. The Elders shall come forth to receive  
“him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me!  
“peradventure he hath perished! or now expires  
“in some bloody field! Impetuous in his valour,

“ and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he  
 “ rushes on the foe, and falls!” While Marano thus  
 indulged her inquietude, the venerable Oneyo was  
 drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the  
 uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unob-  
 served from the village. He was the father of  
 Oneyo, one of the Elders of the nation, revered for  
 his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Tem-  
 perate in his youth and active, in his old age he was  
 vigorous and chearful. The furrows on his brow  
 were, not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was  
 stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano  
 with the affection of a father. “ Be comforted,”  
 he said, “ give not thy soul to despondency. The  
 “ great Spirit who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks  
 “ from the passing thunder, the father and gover-  
 “ nor of all things, will protect thee. But to merit  
 “ his favour, be resigned to his will. It is impious  
 “ to anticipate misery, and render ourselves un-  
 “ happy before we are actually afflicted. Yet capri-  
 “ cious inconstant mortals, timid at once and pre-  
 “ sumptuous, tremble with the imagination of dan-  
 “ ger, and complain as if their sufferings were real.  
 “ They create miseries to themselves, and arro-



“ gantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware,  
“ my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Al-  
“ mighty spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if  
“ you complain without actual cause, you rebell.  
“ He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever  
“ offended with our disobedience: but if we encou-  
“ rage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying  
“ your own tranquillity, you are no less an enemy  
“ to the general system of happiness he hath or-  
“ dained, than if you injured the peace of another.  
“ Be comforted. Oneyo may soon return loaded  
“ with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the  
“ gallant warriors of France.”

“ To see my husband return in safety,” she re-  
plied, “ is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded  
“ with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition  
“ to my joy.” The Indian seemed astonished. Have  
“ you forgotten,” she continued, “ that I myself  
“ am a Briton? That I was carried violently from  
“ my father’s house, when the Outagami ravaged  
“ our land, and carried terror to the gates of Al-  
“ bany? My parents perished. I was yet a child,  
“ but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother  
“ of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey

“ of their fury. Since that time many years are  
 “ elapsed; yet, at the name of Briton, my bosom  
 “ glows with peculiar transport.”

“ I fondly imagined,” answered the Indian,  
 “ that you loved us. We named you after the man-  
 “ ner of our tribe. But your affections are estran-  
 “ ged, and you languish for the land of your fa-  
 “ thers. I called you my daughter, but, Marano,  
 “ you would leave me.” Uttering these words he  
 looked tenderly upon her. “ You would leave me,”  
 he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was  
 affected. She clasped his hand and pressed it to  
 her rosy lips. “ No I will never leave thee. My  
 “ heart is thine and my beloved Onèyo’s. I revere  
 “ thee. Can I forget thy compassion. Can I forget  
 “ the dreadful day when the Outagami, in an assem-  
 “ bly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their  
 “ to their god Areskouï. You was present on an  
 “ embassy from your people. Onèyo in the bloom  
 “ of early years had accompanied his father. He  
 “ was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me  
 “ weeping. Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and be-  
 “ fet with foes. Onèyo intreated you to relieve me,  
 “ Your own heart was affected, you interposed in

“ my behalf, you redeemed me and called me yours.  
“ Oneyo hastened to my deliverance, he loosened  
“ my fetters and clasped me to his breast. Our af-  
“ fection grew with our years: you beheld it with  
“ kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your  
“ consent. I have heard of European refinements,  
“ of costly raiment and lofty palaces; yet to me the  
“ simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more  
“ delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am un-  
“ done. Many moons have arisen since with the  
“ flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons  
“ are already wailing for their sons.—Oneyo, alas!  
“ is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are un-  
“ daunted. The blood of their foes has already  
“ tinged the Ohio; Canada trembled at their ap-  
“ proach, and may ere now have become the prize  
“ of their valour. Ah me! if thy son hath fallen,  
“ grief will subdue thee; I know the tenderness of  
“ thine affection, it will pull thee down to the grave.  
“ Who then will be a comforter to me? Who will  
“ be my friend? Among a strange people I have no  
“ father to protect me, no brother to counsel and  
“ give me aid.”

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian



from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh: but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. "If my son hath fallen," he said, "he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chiefs of future times rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged." "He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered, after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a

“ party of the foe; they have brought captives to  
“ our island: the Elders of the nation are now assem-  
“ bled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the  
“ memory of the dead; and defer their execution  
“ only till your arrival.” “ Alas!” said Marano,  
“ the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small con-  
“ solation. Will the death of a foe restore life to  
“ my husband? Or heal his ghastly wounds? Or  
“ reanimate his breathless bosom? Leave me to my  
“ woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely moun-  
“ tains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will  
“ away to my love. I will meet him beyond the de-  
“ farts, in some blissful valley, where no bloody foe  
“ shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I  
“ will not live.” She intreated in vain: the Indian  
was urgent, and Ononthio seconded his sollicita-  
tion.

That nation of Indians of which Oneyo was a leader, inhabited an island in the lake Ontario. Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream issuing from a rock, and running through a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with

flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars embellished with quaint devices and the parade of masonry lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians and soldiers. The young men of the nation in the prime of health and vigour, were usually engaged in the chase. Their principal business was to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend them against any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprize, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel,



the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of Wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger, and fatigue: and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chase, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The Elders of the village, who were promoted to authority, not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the center of the village, and deli-

berated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately, and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in their decisions. In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crouded around the captives, whom, in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The Elders were assembled: the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Though Marano was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader in the prime of youth was comely, vigorous and graceful. The fullness of undaunted and indignant valour was pourtrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye full of ardour and invincible firmness surveyed the preparations of death with indiffe-



rence, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution, their features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, "this valiant youth like Oneyo may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate." She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed: and he who had been to her as a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnani-

mity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. "He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him! Could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings!" Meantime one of the Elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then with a look of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the captive! "The caldron boils, the ax is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us: he lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death." "Inflict your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns them. I have no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred, massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a Sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Inflict your tor-

“ tures: my soul contemns them; but remember,  
“ the day of vengeance shall overtake you.”

Marano was astonished----“ Of Albany! reft of  
“ his parents by the fword! and of a fifter!”—  
Suffice it to fay, he was her brother—Mutual was  
their amazement, their affection mutual. She fell  
on his throbbing breaft. He received her into his  
arms. His foul was softened. Marano for a time  
was fpeechlefs. At length weeping, and in broken  
accents, “ And have I found thee! a brother to fo-  
“ lace and fupport me. Who will footh me with  
“ fymphathizing tendernefs! who will guide me  
“ through the weary wildernefs of my sorrow!  
“ who will be to me as a parent! I was defolate  
“ and forlorn; my foul languifhed and was afflic-  
“ ted; but now I will endure with patience.”  
Then turning to the aftonifhed multitude, “ He is  
“ my brother! born of the fame parents! If I have  
“ ever merited your favour, O fave him from de-  
“ ftruction.” They were deeply affected. “ Be  
“ not difmayed,” faid Ononthio. He fpoke with the  
“ confent of the Elders. “ Be not difmayed. The  
“ brother of Marano fhall be to us as Oneyo.”  
Then addreffing himfelf with an air of dignity to



the stranger. " Young man, I have lost a son, Marano a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we were desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of Marano; by her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valour, and steady boldness, may you inherit his renown." So saying, he presented to him the Calumet of peace, and a girdle of Wampum. Sidney listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected. " To have given him his life, would not have surprised him; but the transition from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension." " You reason," answered the Indian, " according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms; and they give the hand of friendship, while they meditate

“ injury. As their resentments are ever mingled  
“ with malice, they are lasting. They are not sa-  
“ tisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult  
“ sufficient to secure them from future wrong, but  
“ endeavour to ruin the offender and overwhelm  
“ him with utter infamy. Conscious of the bitter-  
“ ness of their own souls, they impute a correspond-  
“ ing temper to their adversaries. Their resent-  
“ ment instead of being lessened by gratification,  
“ grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and  
“ thus it becomes easier for them to forgive the  
“ wrong they suffer, than the injury they inflict.  
“ The implacable unforgiving temper produced by  
“ malevolence, timidity, and conscious weakness,  
“ ever predominates in effeminate and feeble na-  
“ tures. But the resentment of generous souls is  
“ liberal, and leaves room for reconciliation and fu-  
“ ture friendship. Men of mild and benevolent dis-  
“ positions, unpolluted by covetous or ambitious  
“ desires, and therefore unimbittered by their un-  
“ happy effects, by envy, rancour, and malice, are  
“ magnanimous without any effort, ever desirous  
“ of being forgiven, and ever apt to forgive. You  
“ was about to suffer death, and you accuse us in

“ your heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pro-  
“ nounce of any man, to whom the great Spirit  
“ hath imparted reason and reflection, that he is  
“ more depraved than the wild beasts of the desert:  
“ for even they are not cruel, but in their own de-  
“ fence, and for their own preservation. Judge not  
“ therefore of our conduct till you are acquainted  
“ with our motives, and have reflected on our con-  
“ dition. He truly is barbarous and inhuman, who  
“ to satisfy some lewd or selfish appetite unworthy  
“ of reason, unworthy of human nature, destroys  
“ the peace of the innocent, practises guile against  
“ the unsuspecting, oppresses the feeble and defence-  
“ less, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the  
“ freedom of his people for gold. But the simple In-  
“ dian is not inhuman. Our reason may be obscured,  
“ but our principles are innocent. Our passions may  
“ be excessive, but they are not corrupt. Deeply af-  
“ flicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and  
“ moved with high veneration for the memory of  
“ a gallant warrior, we thought of gratifying his  
“ spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his virtues.  
“ As we grieve not for the deceased who is happy,  
“ and whose memory will be for ever revered; but



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“ for ourselves who are deprived of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honour the dead. You was about to suffer death, but to a resolute undaunted warrior, death is not an injury, it exempts him from corporeal infirmities, and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. Death is not a misfortune but to the feeble, to those whose lives have dishonoured their memory, who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and affront the Almighty with their distrust. We admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve we now offer you our friendship.”

“ Can I,” answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, “ who am of a different origin, born of a people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation?”

“ It is the language of prejudice,” replied Ononathio, “ the simple, unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a

“ stranger to your distinctions. Is not the great Spi-  
“ rit the father of us all? are we not all children  
“ of the same family? and have we not in the  
“ structure both of body and mind, undoubted evi-  
“ dence of the same original? Nature ever wise  
“ and provident for her children, attaches us to  
“ our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the  
“ unshaken love of their country. But nature ne-  
“ ver commanded us to hate or condemn the stran-  
“ ger. Avoid the contagion of vice, avoid all those  
“ whose corrupt and degenerate nature may con-  
“ tamine the purity of your innocence, and in-  
“ fect your bosom with guilt. But every other dis-  
“ tinction estranging us from mankind, and setting  
“ us at variance with society, is the offspring of  
“ pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a  
“ different religion I deny. Like the Indian, you  
“ acknowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity  
“ of the creating Spirit: It matters not though the  
“ external form and mode of your acknowledg-  
“ ment be different, or though you discover his  
“ clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and  
“ peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your free-  
“ dom, and the love of your country; but give us  
“ your friendship and intrepid valour.”

To this he replied, " Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

" Away with your culture and refinement," said Ononthio, " Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation and fortitude? No! They unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! they promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discontent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement! Do they better the heart or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Her affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not



“ abandoned them to our caprice. All our affec-  
“ tions as we receive them from nature are lively and  
“ full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled.  
“ How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the  
“ early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale  
“ of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with  
“ every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy,  
“ and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow  
“ callous; ye become refined; your feelings are  
“ extinguished: ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon  
“ friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the  
“ prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with  
“ your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian.

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with extasy and surprise when they descried the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. “He perished,” answered an Indian. She grew pale, her voice faltered, faint and speechless, she fell back on the

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throbbing breast of Ononchio. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havoc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons like a rapid torrent overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried some time in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our Oneyo is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eye accidentally on the Briton, "Seize him, tear him," he exclaimed, "his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononthio in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" exclaimed, "He is my brother!" fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred



“gore shall be mingled.” The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononthio took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, “Tell me,” said he to the Briton, “are you guiltless of the death of my son!” “I know not,” he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage, “I know not whom I may have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt.” “Young man,” said Ononthio, full of solicitude and parental tenderness, “O reflect on a fa-

“ther’s feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darknes and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the great Spirit shall reward thee.” While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—“O tell me if my son survives.”

“I slew him not,” he replied. “I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life. “Briton,” said he, with a resolute tone, “think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine: the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her.” “Generous youth,” I replied, “go comfort and protect thy friends. I sent him forthwith from the field. I never enquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed my

“ heart.” Marano and Ononthio were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime Ononthio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. “ Judge not unfavourably of my nation,” said he, “ from this instance of impetuosity. They follow “ the immediate impulse of nature, and are often “ extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will “ soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. “ You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; “ luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are “ wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they “ are utter strangers.”

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm and unclouded. The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The grey hills



and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons. Marano, with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed long with her brother, she poured out her soul in his sympathising bosom, she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of Marano, her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly ex-

pression, seemed full of benignity and complacence, Calm and unruffled was their repose; they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

“ I will return secretly,” he said, “ I will enjoy  
“ the sorrow and regret of Marano and of my brethren,  
“ who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy  
“ the extasy of their affection, and their surprise

“on my unexpected arrival. My lovely Marano now  
“laments unconsolated. I will hasten to relieve her,  
“and press her weeping with joy to my faithful  
“transported bosom.”

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of Oneyo, when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, “Faithless and  
“inconstant,” he cried, “and is this my expected  
“meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant  
“invader of my felicity! he shall perish! his blood  
“shall expiate his offence.” Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognised his deliverer! Surprise and horror seized him. “Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my  
“foul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood!  
“My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had  
“slain me! Thus injured and betrayed Oneyo shall  
“not live. Thou great Universal Spirit whose path  
“is in the clouds! whose voice is in the thunder!



“and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me  
“to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live.”  
He sighed. “One look, one parting look of my  
“love. I believed her faithful, for her I lived, for  
“her I die.” He advanced towards her, he gazed  
on her with anguish and regret. “She will not  
“weep for me! faithless and inconstant. She will  
“exult! exult to behold me bleeding! and shall it  
“be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished  
“my soul on her? To be betrayed? To give her  
“love to a stranger?” He paused, trembled, his  
countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped  
his javelin.—Marano named him: her voice was  
soft and plaintive, her visions were of Oneyo. “O  
“come,” she said, “hasten to thy love! Tarry not  
“my Oneyo! how I long to behold thee!” “For  
“this,” said he, “I’ll embrace thee.” He embrac-  
ed her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and  
flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in  
fierce indignation. “Away,” he cried, “go cherish  
“thy stranger. Away, perfidious!” She followed  
him trembling and aghast. “He is my brother.”  
“Thy brother—Stranger,” said he to the Briton  
who now approached him, “you preserved my life.

“ You are generous and valiant. Tell me, then,  
“ am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent  
“ to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guile-  
“ ful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?”

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the village. Ononthio received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

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